THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

LORD SALISBURY'S latest despatch on the Behring Sea Question is the most brilliant and polished piece of writing which has proceeded from his pen during his present tenure of office. Had it been addressed to an opponent less thick-skinned or more self-conscious than MR. BLAINE, it would have been open to the objection of being too incisive and too penetrating. But one of the good points about a modern Yankee is that he does not grow irritable under either threats or ridicule. It is a result of that "largeness" of nature which MR. HENRY JAMES declares to be the glory of his countrymen. MR. BLAINE has apparently accepted the amended terms of reference proposed by LORD SALISBURY, and we may await the result of arbitration with comparative confidence. As to MR. BLAINE'S arguments and assumptions, now demolished, it may suffice to observe that they were a portent with which we were troubled out of due season. It seemed impossible for him to contemplate the alternative that he had no rights in the Behring Sea, or any rights less than he claimed; and all he would have the arbitrators tell him and us was how, as a matter of historical curiosity, those rights had arisen. Fifty years hence, when woman is fully emancipated and there are lady Secretaries of State, that style of controversy will, of course, be the staple of Blue Books.

THE Newfoundland Fishery Question is about to be submitted to arbitration by this country and France. We welcome the announcement, and see no reason to gird at the Tory Prime Minister for taking a course which he has so often ridiculed when free from official restraints. No one can accuse the Liberal party of having shown any partisan bias in its criticism of LORD SALISBURY'S foreign policy. It has its weak side, of course, and that weak side it has been necessary to point out. But both journalists and speakers on the Liberal side have made free acknowledgment of merits of the foreign policy of the present Government. Perhaps the most curious fact is that most of the triumphs gained by LORD SALISBURY in his dealings with international questions have been gained when he has been following most closely in the footsteps of his Liberal predecessors. It almost makes one hope that a "continuity of foreign policy" may yet be attained in this country, despite our system of Parliamentary Government.

THE Irish members, after what many persons have felt to be an unnecessarily long delay, have at length taken the field in good earnest against MR. PARNELL. Last Saturday appeared the first number of the *National Press*—a journal which ought to do excellent work, and which will enable the Irish people to know the truth regarding the position of Home Rule and the motives of those Irish members who have broken with MR. PARNELL. On Tuesday, too, a great Convention was held in Dublin under the presidency of MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY. It was attended by most of the leading men of the Home Rule party in Ireland, and it witnessed the formation of a National Confederation which will carry on the work abandoned by the member for Cork. The enthusiasm which characterised the proceedings, as well as the influential character of the attendance, ought to convince even the most sceptical of the reality of the Irish revolt against MR. PARNELL'S appeals to old animosities, and his denunciations of Ireland's best friends. MR. PARNELL himself has been continuing his campaign in his accustomed fashion since we last wrote—but with very doubtful success.

THE names of the members of the Commission on the Hours of Labour have not been announced at the moment at which we write, but it is authoritatively stated that MR. JOHN MORLEY will represent the front Opposition bench on the Commission. A better choice could not possibly have been made. It is true that MR. MORLEY is not altogether acceptable to the Socialist section of the Liberal party. But, as a matter of fact, no strong man could have been found on the front bench who would have been acceptable to that particular wing of the party. In MR. MORLEY'S favour is the fact that he is clear-headed, dispassionate, eminently practical, and—so far as the wants and burdens of the labouring classes are concerned—thoroughly sympathetic. The confidence of Liberals as a whole in the Commission and its possibilities will certainly be increased by MR. MORLEY'S inclusion among its members. Of course it will be necessary for the Government to put some representative of the Socialist section on the Commission, and there ought to be no difficulty in finding one who will command the confidence even of the gentlemen of the Fabian Society.

THERE has been a curious Constitutional difficulty in connection with the issue of the writ for Aston Manor, owing to the failure of the Speaker to obtain conclusive intelligence as to the death of the late representative of the constituency, MR. KYNOCH. That gentleman has not been in England for some years, and his death—of which legal proof has at last been obtained—occurred in South Africa. The difficulty in his case has occurred before, and will happen again, unless some change is made in the law. Why should a member of Parliament who has been absent from his duties without leave for twelve months, be allowed to retain his seat? A simple rule compelling him to vacate the seat at the end of a year of such absence, would put an end to difficulties like that which has occurred in connection with the vacancy at Aston Manor, and would cause no hardship to anybody.

MR. AUBERON HERBERT sends a "little parable" to the *Times* with a big moral attached to it. Briefly, this is that "the Conservatives, obeying their destiny, have got tired of cultivating virtuous appearances, . . . and are now going to make up for lost time and secure their harvest out of the working man or any other class of voter worth exploiting." SIR JOHN GORST, LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, SIR M. HICKS-BEACH, MR. SMITH, and LORD SALISBURY are all offenders against MR. HERBERT'S curious political code; and after all these comes MR. BARTLEY "with the last production in the way of fireworks for the taxpayer," namely, the proposal to exempt small incomes from the Income-tax. To this MR. HERBERT objects that "if you are going to tax heavily, you must tax the small man. You may begin by taxing the rich man, but the

channel of supply soon dries up, and you are thrown back on the small man." But this is, to MR. HERBERT, a mere by-criticism. "As for myself, I have a 'leetle' method of my own of dealing with Income-tax"—a "valuable patent," which may be obtained by application to its author at "Old-house, Ringwood"!

A CORRESPONDENCE has been published during the week between MR. COBB and MR. W. H. SMITH, which has attracted much attention. It deals with a very painful subject, of which much has been said in clubs and legal circles during the past few weeks. One of our most distinguished judges, SIR JAMES STEPHEN, has been suffering from an illness which in the opinion of many persons, but not of the judge himself, unfits him for the proper discharge of the duties of his office. But under the law, which seems to make a judge absolutely independent, no person has any right to interfere with one of these high officials, even if his incompetence should be established beyond dispute. It is only on an address to the Crown from both Houses of Parliament that a judge can be compulsorily retired. We trust, of course, that no necessity for action of this kind will arise in the present case, and that the speedy recovery of SIR JAMES STEPHEN will put an end to all doubt as to his fitness for work. But, if this should not happen, a very unpleasant duty will fall upon the Government; for it is absurd to pretend, as some do, that in this matter Ministers stand in the position of private individuals. They are responsible for the good government of the country and the proper execution of the laws, and if it be necessary to take steps for the removal of a judge from the bench, it is by Ministers that these steps must first be taken.

THE terrible storm of Monday and Tuesday last has been a more interesting subject of conversation during the week than any political event. Just when it seemed that the spell of the long winter had been finally broken, and when everybody was looking forward with hope to the coming of spring, we were suddenly thrown back into the region of ice and snow and furious winds. London has seldom experienced anything so closely resembling a "blizzard" in its character as the gale and snowstorm of last Monday evening; whilst the return of winter in the country districts—more especially in our south-western counties—has been remarkable for its severity. Snowed-up trains, frozen travellers, towns absolutely cut off from communication with the outer world, roads hopelessly blocked, have been reported from all quarters. At sea the gale has been of quite unusual violence, and whilst many disasters have already been reported it is to be feared that it will be long before we know all the damage occasioned by it. The fact that the *Victoria* steamer, carrying the passengers by the club train between London and Paris, was fourteen hours in crossing from Dover to Calais, affords striking proof of the character of the gale and the strength of the argument in favour of the Channel Tunnel.

A GREAT deal has been said during the week of what is called a "romantic" abduction case in Lancashire. We confess we see nothing that is romantic, though a great deal that is sordid and painful in the story. So far as the facts are known, they are as follows:—A person who has been some years married, but who has not lived with his wife since his wedding-day, wished to compel her to cohabit with him. In order to attain his end, he and a party of men whose aid he had obtained, waylaid the lady last Sunday morning as she was leaving church, forced her into a carriage, and, driving off with her to a house which had been prepared for their reception, virtually made a prisoner of her in that building. The public, and even the police, seem to have looked on with indifferent eyes whilst this violence was being done to the woman; and it is even said that, in the town in which she is now held as a prisoner, popular opinion is on the side of the husband! Of course, there may be a side to the story which is hidden from those at a distance; but, so far as the details have yet been published, the tale is one which seems to cast a very ugly light upon the *status* of a wife in the eyes of the law of England. The case will probably occasion some change in this respect before long; in the meantime one can only speculate on what MR. MILL would have had to say about this story.

THE Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount this week, and, in spite of the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange, rates have fallen in the outside market. At one time the discount rate was as low as 2⅜ per cent., and though it slightly recovered on Wednesday, the probability is that there will be a further fall—assuming, of course, that there are no serious failures, and that an unexpectedly large foreign demand for gold does not arise. For a few weeks now the payments out of the Exchequer will exceed the receipts. In the first week of April the interest on the National Debt will be paid out. For the moment there is no considerable demand for gold; speculation has been completely stopped, and the supply of bills is small. The probability, then, seems to be that for a month or six weeks the supply of loanable capital will exceed the demand. The silver market this week has somewhat recovered. There is a better demand for India, as the Indian exports are now exceptionally large, and money, in consequence, is much wanted. Besides, the American speculators have, for the time being at all events, ceased selling in London. The rise in silver has led to some recovery in rupee paper, especially in the 4 per cent.; but other silver securities are depressed.

BUSINESS upon the Stock Exchange has if possible been smaller than in recent weeks. The news from Buenos Ayres is exceedingly disquieting. The run upon the Provincial Bank last week became so alarming that the Government had to apply to the foreign Banks for a loan, and when it was refused it closed all the Banks, the Custom House, and the Stock Exchange on Friday and Saturday. It then called together a meeting of merchants, and applied for a loan of a hundred millions of dollars. On Sunday it ordered the suspension of business to continue for three days longer. The general expectation is that the loan will be so far subscribed that enough of money will be provided to save the Provincial Bank from insolvency. If not, of course more inconvertible paper will have to be issued. But the crisis is so grave that it is impossible to foresee what may happen, and in consequence Argentine securities have again fallen heavily. The Buenos Ayres loans declined most. As nobody can estimate what will be the consequences of political troubles in Buenos Ayres or a general suspension of the banks, operators here and upon the Continent are lessening their risks in every direction; yet it is extremely difficult to sell. Investment business is small, and dealers are unwilling to buy freely. Early in the week the fear of failures in London caused a sharp fall in New York, but on Wednesday there was some recovery there. On the other hand, the Paris Bourse, which has been optimist all through the crisis, has given way of late, and there are apprehensions that the financial difficulties of Portugal, Spain, and Italy, before long will bring about a breakdown in Paris. Inter-Bourse securities are in consequence somewhat depreciated; Bank shares have also given way; and home Railway Stocks are lower.

WANTED, A PROGRAMME.

MR. GLADSTONE is to speak at Hastings next week, and more than the usual amount of interest will attach to his utterances. He has not made any important political deliverance outside Parliament since the present session began. A great deal has happened in our political life during the past two months, however, and the leader of the Liberal party has in consequence to face a situation which is in some respects a new one. So far as the Irish Question is concerned, there is, indeed, little that is new to be said. English and Scotch Liberals have made it clear that not even Mr. Parnell's misconduct can weaken their attachment to their own leader, or to that cause of justice to Ireland of which he is the representative. Home Rule may be killed; but it will be by the adoption by the Irish people of Mr. Parnell's new policy, and not by any withdrawal of the British Liberals from their old professions. They still detest the policy of Mr. Balfour as much as they ever did; and, in common with the majority of their fellow-countrymen, they are still resolved to put an end to that gentleman's misgovernment of Ireland at the earliest possible moment. What will follow the defeat of the Coercionist Ministry is a matter which rests largely with the people of Ireland themselves. If, at the next General Election, it is shown that Irish opinion is overwhelmingly in favour of the policy represented by men like Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Dillon, if the country repudiates Mr. Parnell on the one hand and Mr. T. W. Russell on the other, the triumph of Home Rule will be certain and near. In the contrary case, we shall only have opened up a new chapter in the long history of the Irish Question, though even then we may expect it to be a chapter brighter and more hopeful than any of those which have preceded it.

But it is not the Irish Question which immediately agitates the minds of the electors. On that great topic most men have already ranged themselves on one side or the other, and nothing which is likely to happen before the General Election will cause them to change their opinions. It is upon other questions, coming even nearer home than the reign of Coercion in Ireland, that men are now looking for guidance. Both parties, as we said last week, are clearing the decks for action. On the Government side, at all events, the most strenuous efforts are being made to arrange a new programme which shall offer some temptation to the working man to throw in his lot with the Tories at the next election. We have programmes authorised and unauthorised, orthodox and heterodox, coming from Whitehall, Chatham, and Birmingham simultaneously, differing in many respects, but all inspired by one object—the desire to make the electors believe that if they desert the cause of justice to Ireland, and support the Coercionist party in the next election, they will be handsomely rewarded for doing so. Far be it from us to suggest that the Liberal leaders should enter into the competition of a Dutch auction with their opponents. We prefer, for the present, to leave the different sections of the Ministerial party to wrangle over their rival programmes, in the full assurance that the Ethiopian will have changed his skin and the leopard his spots before the Tory party as a whole can bring forward a really honest and substantial series of political and social reforms.

But the Liberal party has a right to hear something from its own leaders on these great questions which loom up immediately behind the burning question of Ireland, and which may at any moment be forced by circumstances into the front place. Our hope is that we shall from this time forward hear no speech from any man on the front Opposition bench in which these questions will not be touched upon, and some light thrown upon the direction in which the Liberal leaders are prepared to carry their party. We know already what they will do regarding the anomaly of plural voting. We only wish they would boldly and openly avow that "one man one vote" is intended to include manhood suffrage pure and simple. But a general reform of the registration laws in this direction is by no means everything. We have heard much of "assisted education" during the past year. Latterly we have heard rather less about it, and hints are not wanting that those Tories who believed that in this reform they had found a good cry for the General Election are beginning to make the usual discovery—that until Toryism has absolutely changed its character no genuine system of free education will ever be proposed by a Tory Ministry. But what is the view of the Liberal leaders on this question? Are they prepared, as most of their followers are, not only to free the elementary schools—subject to the placing of those schools under proper popular control—but to create in a systematic and thorough manner those upper schools in which those pupils who are fitted for a higher education may receive it under proper conditions? Free elementary schools ought not to complete the programme of the educational reformer. The ladder by which the humblest pupil may climb, if he will, from the common school to the University, is still to be constructed, and the leaders of English Liberalism might well devote themselves to the task of constructing it.

For the moment the labour question may be passed over. The Royal Commission of Enquiry has shunted that subject into a siding, for months, perhaps for years, to come. It is useless now to discuss it, beyond giving expression to the belief that whilst under no circumstances will the Liberal party assent to the enforcement of penal restrictions upon the right of a man to work for himself and his family as he thinks best, provided in doing so he exposes the community as a whole to no danger, there are still many practical reforms connected with the organisation and regulation of labour which demand attention. The age at which the child may go to work has to be raised from ten to twelve; all trades have to be organised; the Factory Acts have to be amended; the law of conspiracy has to be abolished. These are but a few of the steps which have yet to be taken to give labour and capital the organisation which is necessary to both. But if a Royal Commission has for the moment intervened between the electors and the Eight Hours Bill, there is no obstacle to the early consideration of another question which lies at the very root of our social reforms. If we are to make our country more happy, more free, and more prosperous, by equipping our children for the battle of life with a real education, equal at least to that enjoyed by the children of any other country; if we are to improve the dwellings of the poor, beautify our towns, and battle with those desperate evils incidental to the congregation of vast masses of human beings in the crowded streets of a great city: the local representative authorities, through whom the work must so largely be done, must be supplied with the means of doing it. We cannot take those means from the pockets of the struggling ratepayer upon whom already falls so undue a share of the national burdens. Equalisation of taxation must be the prelude to increased expenditure. And the phrase "equalisation of taxation" opens up before us a field of labour too vast to be surveyed, however briefly, at this moment. It includes, of course, the taxation of the actual value of unoccupied lands (especially in the neighbourhood

of towns), the rating of ground rents, the reform of the death duties, and many other measures which must tend to lighten the pressure where it is now heaviest, and to throw open to the community new and legitimate sources of revenue.

To mention but one other subject which cries aloud for attention, there is the reconstruction of our rural life, by the establishment of village councils. The time is surely come when the country labourer may be admitted to the enjoyment of those rights of local self-government which are already possessed by his fellow in the town. England can no longer afford to lag behind Russia in the organisation of its village communes. The enfranchisement of the rural cottager is at hand, and it will be the duty of the Liberal party to see that the enfranchisement is made a real and effective one. Our space fails us for the mention of other articles in the programme of work which now lies before the reforming party in the nation. We have said enough, however, to show how idle is the notion that the Liberal creed consists of one article only—that beyond the establishment of Home Rule our leaders see nothing and desire nothing. But it is time now, in view of the early approach of the General Election, for the Liberal chiefs to speak out more clearly and decisively than they have yet done upon the work which still remains to be accomplished by the friends of Liberalism in Great Britain.

THE QUESTION OF THE SOUDAN.

HISTORY repeats itself with much precision by the shores of the Red Sea. At intervals regularly recurring, we are informed that "operations"—charming euphemism—are about to be undertaken against the "dervishes," or the "rebels," or whatever name occurs to the press correspondent. As the time approaches a flight of distinguished personages descends upon Suakin and "operations" commence forthwith. Then follow telegrams which might have been written beforehand, so thoroughly do we know what they will convey. A large force of dervishes—numbers are generally vague—has been encountered, and fought with desperate bravery. A thousand, more or less, have been slain, the corresponding loss of the disciplined force varying from one-hundredth to one-fiftieth of that of the tribesmen. Then come a few questions in the House of Commons, invariably evaded, a greater or less distribution of honours, and the question of the Soudan sleeps peacefully once more. To this procedure we are growing accustomed, and that the late events aroused little interest is perhaps natural. To the general public the Soudan is a vague geographical expression. The country is believed to be inhabited by a barbarous people hopelessly irreconcilable, bent on fighting, even anxious to be killed. The discovery that the killing can now be carried out, whenever desirable, by Egyptian troops under British leading, and paid for by the Egyptian tax-payer, tends to increase the general sense of irresponsibility with which Soudan affairs are viewed.

It is useless to recall the past, or to attempt to trace the causes which have led to the appalling slaughter and terrible suffering which have occurred in a country which a few years ago was safer than many parts of London. The past is beyond all recall. The future lies with the people of England, and it is surely time that this fact should be realised. Tokar was formally abandoned by Egypt, acting under British advice—virtually, compulsion. To-day, it has been reconquered and reoccupied by Egyptian troops, organised, drilled, and led by British officers, in whose absence the recent fighting would have ended very differently. Who is responsible for these operations; who is responsible for the situation they have created—for the future of the country? We learn from telegrams obviously inspired, as usual where Soudan affairs are concerned, that "the Eastern Soudan force is now broken up;" that Afafit, El Teb, Fort Dolphin, and Trinkitat are to be occupied; that "the expedition was enthusiastically received by the native tribes, who expressed great rejoicing at the re-establishment of an Egyptian Government," and so on; but as to what the policy of the Government is, if indeed any policy exists, there is at present no clue. There are obvious inducements to keep open the running sore of the Eastern Soudan, by which the necessity of the occupation of Egypt can be palpably demonstrated at suitable intervals. Such a policy, however inhuman, might possibly be defended on grounds of expediency; but it entails results which should at least be understood. Egypt, having abandoned the Soudan at British dictation, has now taken the first step towards a re-occupation; and this step could not possibly have been taken without British assistance. It will be said that Tokar and Handoub are essential to the safety of Suakin, which was never abandoned, and that purely military considerations demand their occupation. Granting this, in spite of the fact that Suakin properly garrisoned is perfectly unassailable by an Arab force, and has never been really seriously threatened, the questions remain—Where is Egypt going to stop? And is this step a new point of departure? One thing, at least, is certain. Egypt, left to herself, can never re-occupy the Soudan, cannot hold Tokar, would not be safe even at Suakin. Thus the recent fighting, as its principal result, throws fresh responsibilities on this country. Will these responsibilities be frankly accepted, or is the disingenuous muddling of the last few years to be continued? Behind the Khedive stands the British Government; and when, as recently, a ukase arrived from Cairo prohibiting trade in grain, or ordering the forcible eviction and deportation of the helpless people who had gathered outside Suakin, by which widespread suffering was caused, the responsibility did not lie with the nominal ruler of Egypt. From first to last there has been no indication of a policy other than that above referred to, no consistency of purpose, no sign of any acceptance of the responsibility which this country incurred at Tel-el-Kebir. This supplies an ample explanation of the failure to tranquillise the country and of the incessant and useless fighting. Sir E. Baring's handling of Egyptian finance and internal administration has been on the whole markedly successful; but his excursions into external politics have been uniformly unfortunate, and Soudanese affairs seem to have fallen into the hands of an irresponsible clique at Cairo.

The situation can be described in few words. In 1883 the Soudan was formally abandoned by Egypt acting under British dictation, Suakin and Massowah only being retained. The latter was quickly occupied by Italy with the full concurrence, if not at the suggestion, of H.M. Government; but the former was placed under a British officer controlled from Cairo, though virtually a Foreign Office official. After a short period of hostilities, the Italians set themselves with considerable success to the opening up of trade and to the establishment of friendly relations with the native sheiks. Great Britain, paramount at Suakin, has not merely done nothing, but has at times even thwarted the efforts of those who endeavoured to trade. The policy which the Italians have pursued with success was, in fact, stigmatised

in 1888 as "visionary and impracticable" by Sir E. Baring, who favoured a "strictly defensive attitude" directly leading to slaughter, indignity, and expense. During the brief reign of Sir C. Warren, whose genius found in the Soudan a fitter field than in Scotland Yard, matters quickly mended, and his successor, Major Watson, ably continued his wise policy—to be, for that reason, removed. Since that time the policy of masterly inactivity, which Sir E. Baring recommended, has produced its natural results. Any sign of progress in the direction of trade and conciliation was quickly met by restrictions, and only last year, in the absence both of the Governor of Suakin and Sir F. Grenfell, orders were issued from Cairo forbidding traffic in grain with a starving people. At about the same time the negotiations at Rome broke down, because Great Britain, though responsible for the abandonment of the Soudan, was, apparently, unable to acquiesce in the occupation of Kassala by Italy, a step which would have materially aided in the pacification of the country, and to which we, at least, had no right to object.

The trade of the Soudan previous to what is called the rebellion—a natural rising against an iniquitous system of government—amounted under most disadvantageous conditions to about £2,000,000 per annum. The port of Suakin is but 265 miles from Berber, whence the great water-way of the Nile leads far into the interior. The route presents no difficulties to a railway, and although it was deliberately rejected in 1885 for the expeditionary force which, therefore, failed to reach Khartoum, it was traversed with ease by 9,500 Egyptian troops in December, 1882, and January, 1883. Clearly, if ever the Soudan is opened out to trade, Suakin is the inevitable outlet; and, as General Gordon wrote in 1878, Ismail "unfortunately, in his wish to bring the Soudan trade down the Nile through Egypt, was led to abandon its natural outlet by the route from Berber to Suakin."

The East African Company is now seeking to reach the lakes by routes more difficult, and British enterprise is only waiting a favourable opportunity to reopen the way to the Nile and thus to the Equatorial provinces. The task cannot be accomplished by Egypt alone, and any attempt to re-establish Egyptian rule will only serve to keep alive the hostility of a people who have naturally looked upon our intervention hitherto in this light. The proverbial "three courses" are open to us—to cancel the abandonment of the Soudan and assist Egypt in the task of re-occupation; to hand over Suakin to Italy and give her a free hand; or to make the port over to a chartered company. The first will involve further fighting, much expense, and sooner or later the employment of British troops. The second implies the abandonment of a vast market for British goods, and Manchester might well complain. The last offers few real difficulties, provided that British enterprise is not thwarted in the assumed interests of Egypt, and that the administration is placed in the hands of officials who know the character of the people, and have nothing to gain by fighting. A Red Sea Company would one day join hands with Sir W. Mackinnon at the lakes, and an immense area would thus be opened up to trade and civilisation.

At least the country has a right to demand from Her Majesty's Government, which is wholly responsible for the administration of Egyptian affairs, a frank statement of policy. Does the recent slaughter imply a fresh point of departure—a definite step in a definite direction; or is it to be as useless and culpable as those which have gone before? This to-day is the question of the Soudan.

HOW SIR JOHN KEPT CANADA.

LIKE a rejected lover who, when all his flatteries fail, goes off chuckling over the charms his fair one lacks, so Mr. Erastus Wiman rejoices that his party is beaten, and that Sir John Macdonald once more has a majority. Mr. Wiman's gaiety, however, may well be more than a specimen of the great art of concealing disappointment. Seeing what Sir John's majority is composed of, and how it has been scraped together, we can understand the smallness of the satisfaction felt by the winning side; we can realise that "a system of plunder, malversation, and robbery without parallel in the country's history" has received sentence of death, and only awaits execution. The quotation is not from an Opposition stump speaker, by the way, but from M. Israel Tarte, editor of the chief Conservative paper at Quebec, who has lately spent months beseeching Ministers to cut loose from contract jobbers. M. Tarte refused to sacrifice himself on the altar of unhearing Baalim, repudiated his old idols, attacked the Conservative constituency of Montmorency, and is now an Opposition M.P. This Quebec revolt is not the only hopeful sign of an awakening from that moral stupor in which the public opinion of Canada has long seemed lost. A particularly shameless person named Rykert, Conservative M.P. for an Ontario county near Niagara, was so utterly exposed in the process of "providing for his old age," as he humorously called it, that even the Macdonald Government had to let a scathing censure of his doings pass the House. Mr. Rykert resigned his seat, but at once appealed for re-election, and the people actually sent him back to Parliament with their endorsement on his conduct. Last week they tardily repented: the county has gone Liberal. Another county, this time in the Province of Quebec, has given the Corruptionists a slap in the face by turning out a Conservative M.P., whose re-election (so the party mouthpiece at Montreal explicitly told the electors) would ensure a new canal being dug through the county. The same disgraceful tactics met the same deserved rebuff at the Capital of the Province.

Finding the whole Quebec district likely to make a clean sweep of the Conservatives, the Government bid high to avert the catastrophe. The bid was this: a great bridge across the St. Lawrence, and a cancellation of the Government's claim of £200,000 on the North Shore branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Thus freight rates were to be artificially reduced and Quebec enabled to steal the shipping trade from Montreal. Both schemes are eagerly desired; but the Quebecqois stood firm, and the city now sends a trio of Liberals to Ottawa. In other sections bribery has had more success. The submarine tunnel to Prince Edward Island, which may be right and necessary in itself, was a matter of the utmost indifference to Sir John till polling-day had been fixed; but then the scheme was found to be of prime importance to the Dominion, and a Sub-Committee of the Privy Council hurriedly passed a resolution in favour of an immediate preparation of estimates. Two of Prince Edward Island's representatives, accordingly, are now supporters of the Government. Private and punishable bribery has of course been doing its work, and the Courts will be full of election cases for a twelvemonth. The hundreds of thousands of dollars that the protected manufacturers have to hand over to the party treasurer before every election do not go exclusively in printing big posters, or hiring halls for public discussion. But Sir John is a man of many resources. As we have seen, some men refuse to sell their votes. The simplest way to deal with such people is to prevent them from voting at all. This

Sir John has done to the best of his ability. Having most to fear from the farmers, he fixed the elections at a time of year sufficiently close to the annual break-up of the winter roads to give him a good chance of climatic assistance; and, as a fact, a good heavy snowstorm came along to fulfil his hopes.

The prince of "practical politicians" had other motives for hurrying up the elections. There has been no registration in Canada since 1889, and the preparation of new lists could not have been long delayed. As it is, the franchise has been kept by this means from, perhaps, 100,000 properly qualified young citizens, who have come of age since the old lists were prepared. The coming census was to be feared as well as the coming registration. While the manufacturing centres have grown apace, the population of the country as a whole is not likely to show an increase at all in proportion to that of the United States; and the prosperity of the cities has been very largely at the expense of the rural districts. Some of the latter are likely to show an actual and alarming decrease. Then the time was approaching when Sir John knew he would either have to allow or disallow the Act by which Manitoba has abolished the separate-school system within her boundaries. "Old To-morrow" has once more been justified in his policy of postponement, for among the Conservatives just elected are Ontario Protestants pledged to oppose Sir John if he vetoes the Manitoba School Act, and Quebec Roman Catholics pledged to oppose him if he does not! Sir John knows as well as any leader who ever lived how to whip refractory supporters into the right lobby when the division-bell rings; but the havoc wrought last week among those Protestant members of both parties who voted against the disallowance of the Jesuit Estates Act will doubtless stimulate the independence of the new Protestant representatives. The Catholic members need no stimulating, and the old chief will stand in need of all his cunning to hold the party together when race and religious questions next come up for decision.

Allowing for other factors, however, the bulk of the votes were undoubtedly cast for or against the Liberal scheme of unrestricted commercial reciprocity with the United States. Here we discover another and supreme motive for the premature dissolution of Parliament. In Ontario and Quebec, where alone the people had become familiar with the new idea, all the power of protected manufacturers has failed to outweigh the popular resolve to get Free Trade with the nation next-door. Another year, and the whole Dominion might have been convinced; so discussion was promptly choked off, and the outlying provinces, preferring the ills they have to the horrors held up to them as sure to follow a change, have shrunk from committing themselves to the commercial revolution. Sir John's "spirited foreign policy" in regard to American fishermen has doubtless helped him in the Maritime Provinces; and so has the open adhesion of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, whose belief that reciprocity means annexation is evidently not shared by the French priesthood in Quebec. The Premier's ludicrous appeal to loyalists to punish a treason which he invented for the occasion, while catching a certain number of electors in all the Provinces, has probably told with greatest force in Manitoba and the far West. A large proportion of the settlers there have come direct from these islands, and the love of Mother-land is still fresh and strong enough to override all but the most obvious present interests. For the rest, when we remember the vast influence possessed among those scattered populations by the Canadian Pacific and other railways and by the Hudson's Bay Company, and the strenuous support given by these organisations to the Government on which they so largely depend, the North-West vote need not surprise us. No, even if Sir John Macdonald has a majority of thirty or thirty-five in the new House of Commons, and even if that majority proves real as well as nominal, the Liberals have little cause to be dissatisfied with the present, and none whatever to mistrust the future.

DEVELOPMENT IN THEOLOGY AND LAW.

SO much is said in these days of development in purely physical regions that the principle is apt to be lost sight of in others, where it is not less active. The development of theology has been investigated by many writers, of whom the best known in England is Cardinal Newman; the development of law attracted attention in the days when we had with us real jurists; but, so far as we know, the parallel character of the development of theology and law has never been considered, except casually, by English writers. The subject is endlessly fruitful; here only a few aspects of it can be hinted at. Let a scholar—such, for example, as the Bishop of Durham, who has shown in his recent lecture on "Ideals" a rare felicity in treating the loftiest ethical problems—or a lawyer, who is not a dryasdust or mere mechanic, investigate this theme, and he may give us an invaluable contribution to literature.

Droit a ses époques, said Pascal; and those stages, which have become clearer than they were in his day, agree closely with those of theology. There is a time when both are formless, when law is not discriminated from custom, or theology from the exhortation of the apostle or evangelist; when there are no devotional or doctrinal teachers, no expositors of law. It is an important truth in legal history that procedure is developed far earlier than substantive law; this corresponds to the no less clear truth that there is a code of practical precepts in existence long before the very outlines of theology are defined. Perhaps both for the first time come into being in what may be termed a second stage. The conceptions of law and theology are at first vague, simple, and personal. *Parler enfantin* is true of both. The limits of doctrines are not defined; their very names are yet unknown. Religion speaks only of particular cases. "Do this," "Abstain from that," is its language; and such also is the manner in which speaks primitive law. The Rabbi and the lawyer vie with each other in extolling what Renan calls *une littéralité insensée*. Then comes a stage of development common to both. The theologian begins to collate and compare texts, and laboriously extract from them general doctrines. He systematises and generalises. It is an age of controversy and discussion of texts, the age of the great theologians, of the famous *Summæ Theologiæ*, and it is also the age of the great jurists, who pursue their wonderful work of ingenuity, of which the *Corpus Juris Civilis* was the subject. Bartolus, Baldus, and Cujas have their counterparts in the scientific theologians, who gave us the no less wonderful doctrinal systems. We scarcely know whether we should describe as another epoch that in which the effort is not so much to elucidate the direct meaning of texts, as to extend them to far-off applications, in which interpreters are busy in finding occult meanings in simple, direct sayings, and lawyers are ingeniously giving, by legal fictions and other devices, a comprehensiveness to primitive rules which the authors of them never foresaw. Cardinal Newman, speaking of the labours of the

early theologians, has vividly described "the slow, painful, anxious taking up of new elements into an existing body of belief," the process of "fixing their minds on what they taught, grasping it more and more closely, viewing it on various sides, trying its consistency, weighing their own separate expressions." What better description could there be of the work of lawyers in elaborating the crude few elements of a primitive system? The theologian is constructing his *catena*, the lawyer his rule, by processes seen to be more alike the closer they are studied. Another stage awaits both. There comes the age of creeds and symbols; it is akin to the age of codes and consolidating statutes and collections of *coutumes*—an age which comes as surely in the progress of a people, as in the growth of the human being bone replaces cartilage. The logical sequence of principles has been ascertained. Theologian and lawyer endeavour to survey the whole field; dogmatic theology is full-grown; law seems to have found for the first time perfect expression. Any description of this synchronism would not be complete without adverting to two facts: the first is, that both tend to become more comprehensive, more sublimated in their nature; that the shibboleths of theology diminish simultaneously with the disappearance of the technicalities of law; that both tend to melt into lofty ethical conceptions; that both might take as their motto, *quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus*. The second fact is that both seem by an inevitable order of progress to dispense with the intervention of experts and intermediaries. Sacerdotalism is everything in early times; the small circle of initiated alone knows the formulæ of primitive law; both the priest and the lawyer recede into the background; the pure in heart, the honest-minded, can unaided know that which is appointed for him by heaven and in earth.

So much for the past and its slow progress; we name but a few of the stages in an immense journey through realms coterminous with human activity. What as to the future? In the consideration of moral phenomena the first step in wisdom is to realise fully that there will be no less change in times to come, and that the old will be ever giving place to the new. What will be the character of that development? It is not for anyone to dogmatise; perhaps even to surmise is foolish. But as to law, we will hazard the conjecture that its area will diminish, not because men will be more wicked and turbulent, not because they will be so much better than they are, but because the functions of law may be performed by other agencies. The Bishop of Ripon, following in the footsteps of many modern thinkers, has written a series of interesting Bampton Lectures on "The Permanent Elements of Religion." What will be the permanent elements of law? Is not the truly civilised man, he in whom fierce appetites have died out or have been tamed, in a sense "delivered from the law"? The history of the race is a long education fitting it to walk without leading-strings or restraints.

PLON-PLON.

ABSOLUTELY of no personal importance is the man whose death is now almost hourly expected. The head of the Bonapartes, the descendant of one legitimate king, the son-in-law of another, the nephew and cousin of two Emperors of the French, one of the few people who, at the time of his birth, stood in the direct succession to the English Crown, Prince Napoleon has nevertheless played his cards so badly that his death will not cause so much as a ripple in the public mind. He might have been one of the most powerful persons in Europe; nay, at this moment he might have been one of the greatest of European Sovereigns; but he threw away his chances, and he has fallen into something like obscurity. And yet no one who knew him will question the fact that he was one of the ablest men of his time. He was a scholar, a wit, a philosopher, an admirable speaker. He could afford to sneer—as he did habitually—at the dulness, both intellectual and social, of Napoleon III. He scoffed openly at the Imperial system of government, and praised freedom whilst living handsomely at the cost of a despot. The Liberal party under the Empire once built their hopes upon him; there were many clever people who believed that he would supplant his cousin, "the Dutchman;" he had a *status* among the recognised Royalties of Europe to which the son of Hortense could never aspire. In short, the ball was once at his feet; and yet he failed so completely that in the last evil days of Bonapartism, the Bonapartists having to choose their representative Pretender, deliberately passed him over in favour of his own son.

What was there about him which so fatally alienated all sympathies, and destroyed all the chances he once had in abundance? It was simply the fact that he was the most cynically disreputable man of his time. He delighted in defying Mrs. Grundy. The vices which most men either shun or practise by stealth, he flaunted openly before the world. The virtues to which even the most depraved pay lip-homage, he treated with bold and outspoken derision. Under the Second Empire France was very devout. Even the *cocottes* had their favourite preacher, and the great ladies who broke the seventh commandment without compunction were regular in their attendance at the confessional. Prince Napoleon jeered at all the observances of the Church, and scandalised all Paris by his famous Good Friday orgie in the company of a party of avowed free-thinkers. A great prelate came by appointment to see him on important public business, at the time when he himself stood nearest to the Emperor and the throne. He received the bishop whilst reclining in his bath—possibly the greatest insult which could be offered to a Frenchman. There seemed to be no end to the different methods in which he showed his cynical disregard for the conventions and the decencies of life. A Red Indian on the war-path would not have trampled more savagely upon the laws of civilised existence than did this mighty Prince, who was once the second man in France, and who might have been the first. Is it wonderful that at last he revolted even those who had looked to him as leader, and that he became, in the eyes of the Imperialists, the evil genius of the Empire?

That he was a coward was an additional reason for despising him. And yet there was something almost magnificent in his cowardice. Many men lack physical courage, and yet succeed in hiding the fact from the outer world. Prince Napoleon seemed to be proud rather than ashamed of his distaste for cold steel and villainous saltpetre. He preferred to wound a rival with a sneer, to punish an inferior by a coarse affront; and, being himself the possessor of the thickest of skins, he did not in the least mind retaliation in kind. The one thing which he abhorred, avowedly and without shame, was retaliation by an appeal to arms. At last Frenchmen of all classes learned to hate and despise him. Among those who detested him most bitterly was the lovely woman who shared his cousin's throne. Many were the snubbings she administered to the evil-liver of the Palais Royal during her own reign at the Tuileries.

He submitted with cynical indifference to the slights he suffered at her hands. Men thought that he cared so little for them that he did not bear them in mind; the time came when they were undeceived.

When the dark days of doom fell upon the Second Empire, when it went down with a crash at Sedan, when its shattered fragments gathered trembling around the coffin of their master at Chislehurst, Prince Napoleon was well to the front. With the cold sneer his enemies knew so well upon his lips, the baleful light in his eyes, he let all the world know that he held "the Spanish Woman" accountable for the ruin of the dynasty. She had met him in tongue-conflict once, and once only, after the outbreak of the war, and had lashed him then with words so fierce and stinging that for once even his hide of insolent indifference had been pierced. Now that she had fallen, now that she had neither husband, nor crown, nor country, came his chance of retaliation, and he seized it. None who saw him walking—the living image of the Great Napoleon, with downcast head, on the broad forehead of which lay the straggling historical lock of hair known to every Bonapartist, hands clasped behind his back, lips tightly compressed, sullen rage gleaming in his eyes—a single step behind the young Prince Imperial at his father's funeral, could fail to see the contempt which he showed, not only for the broken men of the Imperial Court, but even for the members of the Imperial family. Yet even then his hatred was not satisfied. A year or two later there was another funeral service at Chislehurst—the funeral of a young officer who had fallen under the English flag in a distant land. The Union Jack which covered his coffin was held by none but Princes of the Blood. Among those who watched the funeral procession, as it slowly filed across the gorse-clad common to the chapel, was the Queen of England; and every heart in Europe was touched with sorrow for the broken woman—widowed, crownless, and childless—upon whose head this last and sorest blow of fate had fallen. Every heart save one! Next to the coffin, in the place of honour now, once more walked Prince Napoleon; and again the onlookers were startled by the wonderful resemblance he bore to his uncle. When the last rites were finished, and the mourners came out of the little chapel, a pathway was formed between two lines of spectators, down which Prince Napoleon, now the head of the Bonapartes, strode firmly, with head erect and proud. The hour had come, for the first time in his existence, when he could feel conscious of the fact that no one now stood before him in precedence as a member of the family of Napoleon the Great. At his side, pleading earnestly with him, were the Duc de Bassano and M. Pietri, the faithful servants of the Imperial house. They were beseeching him to come to Camden Place to see the Empress, whose only child had just been laid in the grave. Not a word answered the Prince, but when the chapel gate was reached he called to his coachman, "*A Londres!*" and flinging himself into the carriage, departed without a sign. It was a fatal error. Whatever might be the value of the Imperial Pretendership, those in whose gift it was swore that it should never fall to the lot of one who could thus insult a woman in her hour of deepest woe. They plotted, they intrigued, and not without success; they separated the son from the father, drove the latter from his legitimate place as head of the Bonapartes: and thus it comes to pass that the death of Prince Napoleon will not move a single quotation on the Bourse by the fraction of a *centime*, or give rise to a single political speculation in any journal in Europe.

ON GREEN BENCHES.

THE spectacle of a good man struggling with his ideals has its affecting side, especially when Mr. Goschen presents it. Mr. Goschen is a singularly dual personage. There is the stern, unbending apostle of the highest and driest schools of politics and finance — the Goschen, say, of the electoral addresses of 1885—the statesman whose ardour for the politically good and true was always at white heat when Mr. Gladstone and the wretched band of struggling Opportunists in office were deviating by so much as a hair's-breadth from the straight path. In those days the Gradgrind rule of rectitude was Mr. Goschen's—"Straight up the gravel walk; don't tread on the grass." Since then, Mr. Goschen has happened to be a practical statesman himself, and has cheerfully flung to the winds the entire excellent set of hoarded maxims to which he used to school Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Goschen at the University Extension meeting touching with retrospective sadness on "the struggle for ideals," and Mr. Goschen on the Treasury Bench blithely confessing that his views on the Parliamentary control of expenditure "might well have undergone some modification since 1879," are presumably the same person, but intellectually they are miles apart. To be sure, Mr. Goschen might, if he had been so minded, have pleaded that he was hardly inconsistent, for that in 1879 he had pleaded against the setting up of a double Budget, an extraordinary and an ordinary Budget; whereas, as Chancellor in 1891, he is annually responsible for three—an extraordinary, an ordinary, and a local Budget—the due deciphering and apportionment of which constitute a bit of financial juggling that would have done credit to Loménie de Brienne. Nor was Lord George Hamilton behind his colleague. What would an old financial hand have said to a First Lord who apologised—actually apologised—to the House for troubling it with a request for a paltry £350,000, when he had a tidy balance of a million or so in hand, remote from Parliamentary control, but which a pedantic Treasury would not allow him to use? Everybody, however, has not followed Mr. Goschen's evolutions with exactness. Sir William Harcourt is apparently one of those persons, and, on the face of it, Mr. Goschen's calm admission, spoken with something of the pride which apes humility, that he "might have lessened Parliamentary control" over expenditure, was enough to make an ex-Chancellor gasp. Had Mr. Goschen ever heard of ship-money? Mr. Balfour looked at Sir William and smiled—an exasperating smile which he reserves for his opponents. Sir William, as usual, resented it. Charles the First, he reminded Mr. Balfour, had an Irish Secretary, too, who coerced the Irish people and would have coerced the English. The jibe, however, did not take. Mr. Balfour dislikes some epithets, but he has no objection to being called Strafford. He rather enjoys it. The affectation of unconstitutionalism sits prettily on a Tory leader of to-day. It is in fashion, as was once the Socialism of "Young England"; only it is far more perilous stuff.

Mr. Howard Vincent is another idealist in his way, who has not, like Mr. Goschen and Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, been tried in the fiery furnace of office. It is possible to conceive an extraordinary aversion to him as a speaker of quite phenomenal harshness, emptiness, and noisiness, and to nourish a very considerable intellectual contempt for him as, perhaps, the most ramshackle thinker of our times. His speech on State insurance was quite in character. Mr. Vincent gets up the surface of a subject carefully, rattles off a speech in a crackling voice and with abundant spirit, and says some good things in the course of it. But he is equal to almost any fatuity—such, for instance, as the suggestion that the State should give an annual capitation grant of 5s. to the Friendly Societies—a proposal which,

as Dr. Hunter explained, would advantage the working-man member to the tune of exactly twopence a week. Sir Richard Paget is an old and respected member of the House, well up to the Quarter Sessions level of intelligibility, and with traces of the better spirit of his class—the spirit of a Shaftesbury or a Tollemache. But he did not improve on Mr. Vincent's clamorous harangue. Vague kindliness is not exactly the specific for social trouble. Mr. Broadhurst treated him and his backer with something of the bluff contempt that a genuine working man, acquainted with the hard brutalities of life among the poor, feels for the *dilettante* sympathiser of a superior class. But the speech, with its excellent sense, with its sound suggestion that the trouble with the very poor was not the want of machinery to insure, but of the wherewithal, and with its manly plea against the "degradation" of the outworn labourer who accepts a home from the State in whose service he has spent his life, was a trifle too uncompromising in tone, and too barren of suggestion. So, at least, must have thought Mr. John Morley, and so spoke and thought Dr. Hunter, who, having worked out at least the elements of the subject, was able to give the House some clear and dry light upon it. Probably between Dr. Hunter, with his proposal of a weekly State contribution of 4d., or a third of the total required for a pension of 10s. a week at 70, and Sir Herbert Maxwell, who, in a careful and well-informed speech, elaborated the advantages of post-office insurance, we may have got something out of an interesting but, on the whole, weak and disappointing debate.

The Faithful Shepherd is true to his Love; Mr. Jesse Collings at least will never desert Mr. Chamberlain. In the days when Mr. Chamberlain used to say that compulsion was the blessed word which would unlock the land to the labourer, Mr. Collings used to say so too. Now that Mr. Chamberlain has put off compulsion to a more convenient season, Mr. Collings has done the same. No one pretended to be satisfied with his Small Holdings Bill, which comes under the shadow of the failure of his own Allotments Act, which sets up a new and strange form of dual ownership between the local authority and the peasant proprietor, and which leaves everything to voluntaryism. Mr. Chaplin, with the Government Bill up his sleeve, rolled it round with pompous platitudes, and Sir Walter Foster exposed the utter unreality of a situation in which the Government accept a measure which may be at complete variance with their own proposals. Sir William Harcourt, as usual, did excellent service. He has read all Mr. Chamberlain's old Radical speeches—all Mr. Goschen's old high-Whig speeches—and he serves them up hotted, with satirical sauce. Mr. Chamberlain's stomach usually rises against these baked meats, but he got out of the difficulty with the sort of conscienceless tact in which nowadays he excels. He had gone for compulsion; quite so. The Bill did not contain compulsion; so much the worse. Compulsion would have to come; meanwhile let them try what this measure would do. All this with delicate blandness, and skilful appeal to the blind side of the House of Commons' conscience. Mr. Chamberlain does these things well—too fatally well for honour.

On Thursday, Mr. Balfour explained the extent of the Government's plans for the relief of distress in the West of Ireland, with care, and proper humility for past mistakes, and in a cool, dull House curiously bare of Irish members. His statement—showing an expenditure of £40,000 on railway works and an employment of over 7,000 men—was well received, though the Irish members generally thought the plans far beneath the necessities of the case. For a moment there is a truce—although a very brief one—as between the two English parties in regard to Ireland. The war will be resumed when the two forces are once more in line. But for Irishmen at this moment the battle-ground is not Westminster, but Ireland.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE revelations from Abyssinia, supplemented from Switzerland, this week, show that Italy is not behind other nations in contributing her quota to the atrocities which accompany the process of civilising Africa. The accounts published are indeed almost mediæval in their horror. The official version is that certain Italians at Massowah formed a secret society, of which the moving spirits were Cagnassi, an advocate in Government employ, and Livraghi, a lieutenant in the army, in command of the military police. Its object was to murder rich natives, in order to get their property. Cagnassi is under arrest. Livraghi, who has been wanted for some months, escaped to Lugano, where he was arrested last Monday.

Their proceedings, as published in the Italian papers last week, may be summarised thus:—They trumped up charges of treasonable correspondence with a hostile chief against Moussa-el-Accad, a rich Egyptian merchant, and Kantibai, a friendly chief. The two were condemned to death, but the sentence was happily commuted to imprisonment for life; and Moussa-el-Accad, once the honoured guest of the Italian Minister of War, is now in an Italian convict prison. The confederates had "planted" compromising documents forged at their own instigation; had suborned an informer, and then had him "removed"; had taken prisoners from their cells by night, under pretence of conducting them to the frontier, and had brought them, generally by boat, to some desolate spot, where their graves were dug in their presence, and they were put to death—to avoid the noise of firearms—by repeated blows on the head. Livraghi was always present on these occasions, with an escort of native police.

Hereupon the *Secolo* announced that it had possessed Livraghi's version for a month, and proceeded to publish extracts. Livraghi specifies many more executions, and speaks of the wholesale slaughter of native troops whose fidelity was suspected: indeed, he puts the total number of killed at eight hundred. But he totally denies that the society existed, or that the motive was plunder; he states that he was throughout acting under orders, and gives specific details implicating high authorities, which of course are not published as yet.

Livraghi will have to be tried by court-martial at Massowah—which is the worst possible way of getting at the facts. On Friday therefore the Government promised an inquiry, to be conducted by a judge, a general, and a high official. The Extreme Left, not unnaturally, regarded this as completely inadequate, and demanded a Parliamentary Committee. On Wednesday they were satisfied by the addition of five deputies to the Commission. Their relations with the Government were said to be strained, but the stimulus given by the disclosures to their attacks on the whole policy of colonisation initiated by the Governments of Depretis and Crispi will probably intensify their hostility to the adherents of the latter; especially as serious financial maladministration is also reported from Massowah.

Prince Bismarck is reported to have accepted the candidature for the Reichstag in the district of Hanover which includes Geestemunde, which the National Liberal electors offered him last week. At the last election, however, candidates were put forward by the Liberals, the "Guelphs" or adherents of the old Hanoverian monarchy, and the Social Democrats, and the figures of the election of 1890, as compared with that of 1887, show a considerable increase in the vote of the last-named, and a more considerable decrease in that of the National Liberals. Probably all these sections would run candidates in opposition, and the final conflict would be between the Prince and a Social Democrat, who might very likely get the vote of the Liberals. A coalition of all three sections, indeed, would probably defeat the Prince; but there is a feeling that it would be well for the Liberals were he returned, because he would so

embarrass the Government as to drive it to the Liberals for support. The statement that he does not wish to stand, published on Thursday, may be only made with a view to possible defeat. There are also rumours—of doubtful authenticity—as to a reconciliation of the Prince with the Emperor, as also with the present Chancellor. Strange to say, Count Waldersee seems to be completely restored to the Imperial favour. The Minister of Public Worship has resigned: his successor, Herr Zedlitz, is said to be a bigoted Conservative. Dr. Windthorst, the Catholic leader, is reported dying.

The Prussian Lower House has passed—by 308 to 36—an income-tax law applying what is, substantially, the English system of assessment, and adopting the principle of progression.

The Landesausschuss, or local legislature of Alsace and Lorraine, is about to present an address to the Emperor against the renewal of the stringent passport regulations, assuring him of their complete loyalty and their determination not to tolerate the interference of foreign agitators. Much is made of this incident by the German press as a sign of the opening of a new era in the relations between these provinces and the German Government.

The elections in Austria are, as yet, incomplete. They have, however, fulfilled expectation. The Anti-Semites have triumphed in three districts in Vienna, which thus affords a fresh instance of that political incapacity of great cities with which we are familiar in London, Paris, and New York. Free beer (for three days), free food, the use of countless carriages, much rioting, and shameless bribery, are stated to have accompanied the election of their leader, Prince Alois Liechtenstein. Anti-Semitic riots are also reported from Galicia. Dr. Rieger, the leader of the old Czechs, has lost his seat, as was expected. But, after all, the German Liberals will be by far the strongest group in the Reichstag. They will be within two or three of their former number of 111; the next largest group, the Conservatives, numbers only 45; and the whole Reichstag, 353. Count Taaffe possesses the confidence of the Emperor, and probably will remain Premier, and his Ministry will be remodelled (as it has been before) by the substitution of some German for some Slav members.

Items of French news within the last nine days are M. Ferry's first speech since his return to public life, delivered towards the close of the debate on Algeria, last Friday, combating the theory that the natives are being crowded out, and advocating more education for them, and State-aided colonisation; the introduction of a Bill making a Government license necessary for race-meetings, there being now 320 days of racing per annum near Paris (the pari-mutuel and the bookmaker will again be licensed, too, formally or informally); the highly protectionist report of the Tariff Committee, the discussion on which begins to-day; the return of a "Revisionist" (late Boulangist) at a bye-election for Rouen, chiefly, it would seem, because of the "advanced" policy of his three opponents; a financial crisis in Paris, on Thursday, which seems passing away; and the retirement of M. Bocher from the post of Orleanist leader and confidential adviser of the Comte de Paris. This, seeing he has held the latter post for forty-five years, would not be surprising, but the Republican press take it to be another nail in the coffin of Orleanist hopes. The Comte d'Haussonville is to succeed him in the first capacity—probably from his recent vigorous denunciation of the policy of compromise with the Republic.

On Tuesday M. Beernaert, the Belgian Premier, explained to the Committee on Constitutional Revision, at its first meeting, the scheme of Parliamentary reform proposed by the Government. The electorate is to be increased from its present number of about 133,000 to about 600,000, the qualification being occupation of a house, rooms, or land at a certain rental. An educational qualification will also be admitted. The Senate is to be elected by the Provincial Councils, and the King is to have the right of appealing to a popular vote on every law voted by the Chambers—a novel application of the Swiss referendum. "Proportional representation" (which on the Continent seems to take peculiarly confusing forms) is to be adopted both in Parliamentary and local elections. The Government demand greater control over the police—which, considering the recent acts of the present Ministry, their opponents will hardly be disposed to concede—and the constitution is to be so modified that, in accordance with the Convention of last year, the Congo Free State may eventually be annexed to Belgium. The Moderate Left seem disinclined to accept the proposals, which, however, go much further than a section of the Right will like. The apprehension of a general strike on the definite refusal of universal suffrage by the Chamber continues.

The conflict in Ticino has taken a somewhat unexpected turn. The Liberals were defeated on Sunday in the popular vote on the new Constitution—in the framing of which they had declined to take any part—by a majority of over 500 in a poll of 21,000. Last October, on a poll of 24,000, their majority (for revision) was 94. The result this time was partly due no doubt to the difficulty of bringing up the non-resident voters at this season, partly to an appeal for peace issued by a society of Ticinese residents in Paris. But no doubt the moderate men are getting sick of the strife. The next opportunity of the Liberals, according to the new Constitution, will be at the general election in 1893; but as by that time the dominant Ultramontane majority will have "reformed" the electoral system, the Radicals talk of demanding a second popular vote on the new Constitution, which apparently they can legally do.

The Chilian "insurgents," falsely so called, have gained another victory in the nitrate district, of which they now hold complete possession, and which they have supplied with provisions from Callao. Further severe fighting is reported, and Uruguay has, it is said, offered to mediate.

THE RUSSIAN QUESTION IN SCANDINAVIA.

THE violation by the Russian Imperial Government of the constitutional rights of the Finnish population has aroused in Scandinavia a considerable ferment. Unfortunately the question of defending what limited measure of freedom there is in Finland is too closely connected with the question of war; and war, undoubtedly, always weighs more heavily upon the working class of a country than upon any other. This explains the fact that in Scandinavia the first voice openly inimical to Imperial Russia came from a privileged and ruling sphere, whereas the masses, at least in the person of one of their leading representatives, protest passionately against such enmity.

It is known that when the German Emperor William visited Christiania, King Oscar said to him: "The sword of Sweden will never be drawn against Germany." These words caused a great sensation, as they were, indirectly, a threat against Russia. Now, at the annual meeting of the Swedish Academy, the well-known Professor Tegner affirmed that peace cannot last for ever, and that the country should prepare for war. He dwelt upon the idea that the greatest strength consists in the people's love. "They say," continued Tegner, "that the vulture and the dove shall be reconciled, and that we should disarm; but in that case it is the vulture who should begin." The king and a brilliant company were present at the meeting, and an ovation was made to the orator.

Bjornson has attacked Tegner's speech and the attitude of Swedish diplomacy in an indignant article. He speaks with great bitterness of Tegner's "unworthy" comparison of Russia to a vulture, as

"Russia is not a bird of prey, and has no warlike intentions." He also blames the king for encouraging this bellicose tendency not only in Sweden but also in Norway, and remarks: "The solemn meeting of the Academy and the public ovation to the orator are nothing else than a most insolent piece of Swedish bravado."

Half-way between these two extreme positions stands the Swedish Professor Harald Hjärne. He has lately given in Stockholm three public lectures, in which he tried to explain the foreign policy of Russia, and especially her relations with Sweden. The lecturer spoke against the belief that Russia is an inveterate enemy of Sweden. According to his opinion, this belief is unfounded, as well from the historical point of view as from every other. "The character of the Russian people," said the lecturer, "is active, mobile, impressible, and often changeable; but in his general behaviour the Russian shows many attractive qualities. The character of Russian diplomacy rests upon the character of the nation itself, not exclusively upon the will of its rulers; and this affects both the external and internal policy of Russia." This, on the whole, very pacific speech ends, nevertheless, with the following advice:—"Still, we ought to have our forces in readiness, in case war should break out with so powerful a neighbour as Russia."

The opinion of the learned Professor on the character of Russian diplomacy appears to me to be quite mistaken. The Russian people as such have no part whatsoever in Russian policy, either home or foreign. This is so far true that, for instance, the Russian people learn the most important news about the foreign policy of the Russian Government from the foreign press. Quite apart from the fact that the rulers of Russia receive their education under conditions which in the generality of cases render them strangers to the people, they are often, by birth, not Russians at all. There are among them many Germans and a fair proportion of Poles, and far from the best types of either race. Count Loris Melikov, the most powerful of all Russian Prime Ministers, was an Armenian; Deliánov, the present Minister of Public Instruction, is also an Armenian; Grot, Secretary of State, is a Swede; Count Pálen, the late Minister of Justice, was a German, who even spoke bad Russian; many of the Russian diplomatists were and are Germans too; and so on.

The danger to peace is not that "the character of Russian diplomacy rests upon the character of the nation," but, on the contrary, that the nation is absolutely shut out from Russian diplomacy. Centuries of history have proved that absolutism is more dangerous to peace than democracy. It is always more bellicose than democracy, and more inclined to risky enterprises. It borrows its power and stability from successful external wars. In the absence of free speech, meeting, and association (which absolutism detests), the masses have little opportunity of understanding their own interests, and are easily led into jingoism and the like. Thus, every democracy, in the interests of peace, should regard absolutism—even in another country—as an enemy.

The democratic element in Russia cannot, of course, demand, and does not desire to demand, that the Scandinavian democracy should wage war in its stead with the Russian absolutism. But it has a right to expect that the Swedish and Norwegian democrats shall recognise the solidarity of democratic interests in all lands, and the danger to democracy of the Russian absolutism. This question reminds me of the wise and noble example of the English working men. Who, if not they, suffered from the continuation of civil war in the United States? Yet, in spite of that, at the time when official personages and manufacturers interested in the cotton trade were arming cruisers for the slave-owners, the working men of England held mass meetings to condemn that policy and uphold the Northern abolitionists.

FELIX VOLKHOVSKY.

THE NEGLECT OF CHARLES READE.

WHAT has happened to the fame of Charles Reade? It is always rash to stand up and say "I, even I only, am left who read this considerable author": the enthusiast who claims a monopoly in this way being apt to expose himself to just such a rebuke as Elijah received on the top of the mountain. In this case men so diverse as Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Besant are agreed: both swear by Charles Reade. Nevertheless the booksellers say that his works do not sell. Moreover if you agree with Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Besant, and wish to give the novels an honourable place on your shelves, you will find it difficult. Of Scott, Miss Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, good editions are to be had. The best procurable edition of Charles Reade will not stand beside them long in the library of a sensitive man. It looks like a row of poor relations, clothed in cheap finery, distressing the eye. The covers are of the kind which posterity, in a remarkable access of inspiration, has discovered to be the right of Mrs. Hemans, and hers alone until the day when Frances Ridley Havergal becomes a classic. Nor can the books be taken out of their covers and rebound: the print and type are not worth it. While as for the two-shilling, or yellow-back, edition—let any one open at random a copy of "It Is Never Too Late to Mend," and begin to count the wounded and missing letters.

Now publishers pursue their own interests (we borrow this axiom from *The Author*), and we must conclude therefore that it would not pay to issue a satisfactory edition of Reade. The inaction of Messrs. Chatto and Windus corroborates the gossip of the booksellers—this author is not popular. But, in the name of good narrative, why?

It upsets all calculation. We have been led to believe that the one thing which the British public demanded of a work of fiction was—A Story. We are told by the critics that Mr. W. D. Howells will never conciliate British taste because "nothing happens" in his novels: and that Mr. Rider Haggard, on the other hand, is adored because he brings many strange things to pass. Of course there is something illogical in this use of the word "story": for a "novel without a story," of some sort or another, is simply an impossible thing, a contradiction in terms. But if the public and the average critic are loose in their words they know what they mean: and they mean by "a story" high adventures and the "big bow-wow."

Well here is a novelist who gives them high adventures: a novelist who in mere power of narrative is head and shoulders above any of his countrymen. This is no extravagant praise. Scott, Dickens, Thackeray are bigger guns than Reade. To think of him for a moment as sitting down to write "Mansfield Park" or "Middlemarch" or "Barchester Towers" is to smile, and we may throw out, in passing, a suggestion to young gentlemen with a taste for parody, that they try to fancy what Reade would have made of Gwendolen in "Daniel Deronda." But for brisk, easy narrative, unhalting, unresting, lifting the reader without effort and carrying him through battle and shipwreck, across seas and continents, from inn to inn, from one quick scene to another, what English writer can touch him? As Mr. Swinburne points out, you must go to France to find his match: and there it is only Dumas who can beat him on his own ground. Nor has Dumas altogether the better of the contest, because he lacks the simple human charity that pervades every page of Reade's writing, bad or good. Here then is a man who gives English novel-readers exactly what they profess to want; and they won't look at him. The adventures of Gerard and Denis the Burgundian, the homeward voyage of the *Agra*, Mrs. Gaunt's trial for murder, the makeshifts of Miss Rolleston and Mr. Hazel on Godsend Island—these stand and accumulate dust on the booksellers' shelves. Why?

It must be admitted that he fails in invention. Few men have possessed more imagination: give him blue-books, newspapers, maps, and out of these dry bones he would build human beings that lived, moved, loved, and killed each other. But of mere invention he knew nothing, and professed to despise it. In consequence he could not construct a plot. You may choose any book of his and examine its structure: there will always be one fatal flaw—there is a desperate flaw even in "Griffith Gaunt." And in such plots as he weaves he is forced to repeat himself. How many of his novels depend on the separation of two lovers, followed by the falsely reported death of one? But construction, after all, is not so important as critics pretend. The most popular books in the world—"Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Robinson Crusoe," "Tom Jones," "Pickwick"—have none at all. Dickens could never turn out a convincing plot: Thackeray let his characters run as they would: George Eliot was capable of such child's handiwork as the structure of "Romola." It may be urged that the prominent virtues of these writers were of the kind that distract attention from the story itself, whereas the mere excellence of Reade's narrative compels attention to his plots. But books which possess little plot or none have depended on narrative and scored a prodigious success. Let us take Mr. Haggard's "She" for an example. Nobody can credit it with a good plot and certainly nobody will accuse it of containing a single human character worth five minutes' attention. It depends on the skill with which the author takes his figures through a series of exciting adventures: and Mr. Haggard's skill is such that we care not a rap for structure and forget to ask for characters. Yet it will hardly be contended that Mr. Haggard moves with Reade's agility or strength. Putting out of account the fact that Denis is a human brother, and Mr. Holly is a wooden image, a man must be very courageous to say that the incidents of the expedition to Kôr are on a level with those of Gerard's journey to Rome. Reade's narrative is wealthy enough to clothe all the poverty of his plots.

Still the cause of his unpopularity is to seek. Shall we advance the theory that what the average Briton demands of a novel is neither much incident nor a good plot, but a style to his liking? Heaven knows the canons by which the average Briton judges a writer's style. He loves both Thackeray and Haggard: perhaps because the one writes the very language he would like to talk if he were only a gentleman, and the other the language he reads every day in the *Daily Telegraph*. But Reade writes like Reade, and like nobody else in the world. Nor will Reade leave Charles Reade out of a single page, but is for ever button-holing the reader and saying "Now you think I'm in a fix and don't know what I'm about. Kindly observe the ease with which I extricate myself, and all because I know more than you." Now nobody likes to be button-holed—especially when it's by a novel-writing man who hasn't even the excuse of an introduction; and more especially when the novel-writing man is a hot, irascible, positive, eccentric fellow like Charles Reade. It isn't decent. If a man *must* tell a story let him do it in a respectful manner. We suspect the ruling distaste for Charles Reade to be due to his style, and, based on the invincible decorum of the middle-classes.

THE AGE OF MARRIAGE.

THE excitement which has been created among large classes of our Indian fellow-subjects by the proposal to raise the legal age of marriage, may make it interesting to recall the corresponding change which has taken place in this country. Few people, we think, realise that among our own ancestors women were commonly married when they were twelve years old, and that the age of marriage has been only slowly and gradually raised during the last ten centuries. We cannot, indeed, in a short article, profess to examine this change of habit exhaustively, but a few illustrations, drawn from ordinary books, which may be easily verified, will be sufficient to establish the truth of our assertion. In an article on the ancient laws of Wales, in January, 1887, a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* said: "It is enacted that from the time when a girl was baptised . . . until she attained her twelfth year, she was to be at her father's 'platter,' that is, maintained at home by him. From her twelfth year she was deemed marriageable, and from that time forward if she has not had a husband, 'she is to possess her own property, and is not to remain at her father's platter unless he shall will it.'" The reviewer, in extracting this law from the volume which has been edited by Mr. Aneurin Owen, under the direction of the Commissioners of Public Records, objects to it as neither sensible nor civilised. Whether it were sensible or civilised, or not, it was at any rate identical both with the Roman law and with the English law under which a male of fourteen and a female of twelve could be consenting parties to marriage. It was, moreover, consistent with prevalent custom. Chaucer makes the "Wife of Bath" say:—

> "Lordings, sin I twelf yere was of age,
> (Thanked be God that is eterne on live)
> Husbondes at chirche dore have I had five."

We may, or we may not, agree with the Wife of Bath's views upon marriage. But it is, at least, evident that she thought that there was nothing either unusual or unseemly in the marriage of a girl only twelve years old.

We have to descend rather more than two centuries in passing from the time of Chaucer to the time of Shakespeare. But the age of marriage does not seem to have been raised two years in the interval. In *Romeo and Juliet*, Juliet is within a few weeks of completing her fourteenth year. Her mother says to her:—

> "Younger than you,
> Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
> Are made already mothers; by my count,
> I was a mother much upon these years
> That you are now a maid."

Juliet's nurse had not waited for her teens. She was apparently married at twelve.

In *Romeo and Juliet* Shakespeare is no doubt introducing us to Italian scenery. But, if his scenery is Italian, he is writing for an English audience; and he would have hardly ventured on statements which would have seemed unnatural and unusual to every spectator of the drama.

But no spectator of *Romeo and Juliet* would have seen anything unnatural or unusual in these ages. The Lady Margaret was under fourteen years of age when her son, who became Henry VII., was born. His daughter, Margaret, was married to James IV. of Scotland before she was fourteen; her granddaughter Mary Queen of Scots was married to the Dauphin a few months after completing her fifteenth year; and, when Catherine de Medici was advocating her son's marriage with Elizabeth of England, according to Mr. Froude, she told the English ambassador that "she was married when King Henry had but fifteen years and she fourteen . . . and, said she, you see my son, he is not small, nor little of growth." Even a century later, so Mr. McCarthy incidentally mentions in his History of the Four Georges, Mary of Modena was only fourteen when she married James II. Her first child was born within fourteen months of her marriage; and, according to Keble, who makes the statement in his Life of Bishop Wilson, Lady Elizabeth Butler was under fourteen years of age when she married—in the same year as Mary of Modena—the ninth Earl of Derby.

Early marriages were not confined to the female sex. Edward III. was sixteen when he married Philippa of Hainault; his son Lionel was fourteen

when he married Lady Elizabeth de Burgh; Henry IV. was only thirteen when he married Lady Mary de Bohun. Catherine de Medici, in the conversation which we have already quoted, said that Mr. Secretary Cecil—so her ambassador had informed her—had a child at fourteen. Sir Alfred Lyall says that Warren Hastings' father married at fifteen. According to Mr. Hodder, the first Earl of Shaftesbury married at eighteen, and the second at seventeen years of age. The third Earl, the author of the "Characteristics," married at a more mature age, but there was only an interval of sixteen years between his marriage and that of his eldest son.

These examples, taken almost at random from literature and the peerage, are sufficient to prove the remarkable change which has taken place in the feelings and habits of the people of this country during the last few centuries. Marriages which seemed usual in Chaucer's and Shakespeare's time, and which were not unusual two centuries ago, would be now regarded as impossible. Not 170 years have passed since the fourth Earl of Shaftesbury's marriage, yet it is hardly possible to imagine three such marriages taking place as those which were contracted by the first two Earls and the fourth Earl of Shaftesbury. On the effects of the change which has thus taken place, both on the strength and on the longevity of the people, we cannot enter in this article. Nor do we intend to apply what we have written to the controversy which is now exciting so much attention in India. Our only object to-day is to recall attention to one feature in the manners and customs of our ancestors which seems almost forgotten, but which is quite as well worth remembering as many of those matters with which history is commonly occupied.

AN IDEAL OF UNIVERSITY TEACHING.

THE splendid address delivered by the Bishop of Durham at the Mansion House last Saturday—saturated as it was with the spirit of the noblest of Greek philosophers—lifted the work of University Extension to a higher plane altogether than that which it is wont to occupy, not only in the minds of the general public, but in those of a good many scholars who ought to know better. Probably many of those who hear of the movement at all regard it as a means of giving the unemployed young lady some more intellectual occupation than lawn tennis or the promotion of bazaars, and of assisting the artisan to learn enough about economics to understand his relation to the capitalist. Those who know more would very likely describe it, somewhat contemptuously, as kept going by a big picnic at Oxford in August; or would, at best, only point to the unexpected scientific talent that it has occasionally revealed in remote provincial towns. Indeed, the University men present must have felt bitterly conscious of neglected opportunities, as the Bishop sketched the ideal of University life—with its catholicity, its equality, its thoroughness, its freedom from the merely material end of making a living, its grandeur of scale and system, its nobility of aim. They may have thought, by way of illustration of all this, of compulsory Greek at Responsions, or of the classical men's "additional subjects" for the Previous Examination at Cambridge, or of that specialised scholarship, once the peculiar glory of England, whose business it is "not to understand Plato, but to translate him correctly;" or of the system which obliges the born metaphysician—if he would have his knowledge tested at Oxford—to know all the details of the changes in the political attitude of Cicero; or of how the Cambridge men who have original genius in mathematics are obliged to practise the art of writing out "book-work" against time. They may have thought that at least Germany was no better, considering its distinct repudiation of general culture for the serious University student, its elaborate specialism, and the works published by aspiring and hungry *Docenten*, which too often contain the maximum of padding and the minimum of new knowledge. It is well to be reminded that all this is not of the true essence of University life—that a University may incidentally produce the specialised "researcher" as in Germany, or, as with us, the man of wide general but no special knowledge, trained to thoroughness, to concentration in intellectual emergencies, to work under pressure, and to making the most of the facts he knows; but that, apart from its purely moral effects, its real object is to make the student, in Plato's words, "synoptic"—to open up the study, in the widest and highest sense, of Science and Philosophy—the contemplation in the phenomena of nature and history of those universal truths which (to modernise Plato) are separately the essence and truth of things, and collectively the good and the end.

Happily at the English Universities the mere book-learning is generally a very small part of the education. The variety of influences at work on the best men, combined with their practical freedom, is exactly that which was desired for the citizen in the ideal society sketched by Wilhelm von Humboldt. General views of life, as Aristotle said of moral philosophy, come with life itself, rather than with teaching. It is for the intellectual training to give the stimulus to them and to indicate the sources where they are best expressed. And in some respects the kind of student reached by the Extension movement is more susceptible of intellectual stimulus than his better-trained but younger compeers; the latter come out trained to acquire and use knowledge, but the pace is often too good for them to inquire how much of their knowledge they really know. The former, by the very fact of having had less severe training, have more open and more interested minds; they have time to feel the stimulus, to apprehend dimly and at a distance the ideal. But, as the Bishop said, this stimulus cannot be acquired by mere text-books, or even by mere lectures. That personal influence of teachers which has done so much to lift German University teaching out of the groove of specialism is absolutely necessary, and it can only be secured for such students by the peripatetic teacher. It is his duty (or rather the ideal of his duty) to open up that scientific history and that philosophic science which are the modern analogue to the Platonic "universal in the individual." After all we have the means of taking wider views of nature than Plato. We may not yet be able to formulate them, but the direction, the concentration, the stimulus of even a short period of connected work are an invaluable aid to their apprehension: and from this point of view the movement deserves all the support that the Bishop of Durham and Mr. Goschen claimed for it last Saturday.

THEATRES *VERSUS* MUSIC-HALLS.

THE gospel of Count Tolstoy—that valetudinarian gospel which proscribes alcohol and tobacco as dangerous to the æsthetic no less than to the moral conscience—has not been preached in vain. Among the most recent converts to it are the London theatrical managers. These gentlemen have all "got" Tolstoyism. Drinking and smoking, they declare with one voice, are degrading to dramatic art. What is it that has lifted our national theatre to its present dizzy altitude, and—as Mr. Henry Pettitt says—"swept from the stage the nude adultery of the French drama"? Why, the prohibition of alcohol and tobacco. To what do we owe the moral sublimity of *Jane:* to what the chastened and refined art of *Carmen up to Data?* To what else than the absence of alcohol and tobacco? It is true that these poisons, though absent from the auditorium of the Comedy and the Gaiety Theatres, to say nothing of more august temples of the drama, are not far off. Not to put too fine a point upon it, they may be had at a side-bar. But, then, they

are colossal in price and exiguous in quantity, and in quality so abominable that you could not be happy with either, even were t'other dear charmer away. So that, like the elephant in the Cambridge problem, their weight (except by the luckless ones who adventure upon them) may be neglected. The point is that you cannot consume them in your stall, and that is what differentiates the theatre from the music-hall, or, as Mr. Beerbohm Tree's friend prefers to call it, the "public-house." For there are places of entertainment in London where you can drink and smoke in your stall—places, therefore, separated by a wide gulf from what Mr. Henry Irving calls the "theatres proper," the width of the gulf being measured precisely by the distance which separates your stall from the side-bar. That gulf also measures the distance between art and no-art. The theatre, with its side-bar and furtive *entr'acte* cigarette, is art; the music-hall, which establishes communication between the side-bar and your seat by means of a waiter, and does not put your pipe out when the curtain rises, is no-art. Thus does Tolstoyism divide and distinguish between the Temple of Art and the Public-house.

The conversion of our theatrical managers to this subtle creed has been as miraculously sudden as the famous conversions of other new religions "on the make." It all came about through the London County Council. The Council have drafted a scheme—the Theatres and General Amusements Bill they call it—which, to be sure, is of no practical account, because the Bill is among those predestined to perish during the present session. But its mere inception has sufficed to induce our theatrical managers to embrace Tolstoyism and to draw their famous distinction between playhouses and public-houses; for the Bill seeks in one important matter to obliterate the distinction between these twain by legalising the performance of short dramatic scenes or playlets, technically known as "sketches," on the music-hall stage. These sketches are already being performed in an illicit, left-handed sort of way. All the Council seeks to do is to regularise their position—to make, as it were, honest sketches of them—whereupon the London theatrical managers step in to forbid the banns. It is not because their own precious pockets would suffer from this new form of competition—of course not—all they desire is to safeguard the dignity and purity of art. Art, they say, at the music-halls will be degraded by being "smoke-dried;" worse still, once the barrier is broken down, some of the weaker brethren of their own body will fall to imitating the music-halls by introducing the accursed things, alcohol and tobacco, into the auditorium of the theatre. Thus no-art in seeking to become art will have degraded art into no-art. This is the catastrophe predicted by a La Rochefoucauldian friend of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's: "any attempt to turn the public-house into a theatre would end in turning the theatre into a public-house." Mr. Henry Irving expands this epigram. "If managers of such places" (*i.e.*, music-halls) "have the privileges of theatres without sacrificing their liberty of smoking during the performance, or of serving drink in the auditorium, a good many theatre managers will ultimately, under temptation of gain and strain of competition, find it to their monetary advantage to turn their theatres into houses for the performance of plays where smoking and drinking will be encouraged—an evil system of which the theatre proper is at present the antidote."

The mere onlooker, not yet converted to Tolstoyism, is likely to find this jealousy of the music-halls on the part of our theatrical managers as ungenerous as the reasoning which cloaks it is specious. What has the question of art to do with the consumption of alcohol and tobacco? "A good cigar," says Mr. Buchanan, and most of us will agree with him, "would not interfere with my enjoyment of even the 'Passion Play,' nor would the absence of either cigar or whisky and water deepen my appreciation of contemporary burlesque." And no concession of theatrical privileges to the music-halls could affect our great playhouses. Some of the lesser ones—only now distinguishable from music-halls by the greater vulgarity and fatuity of their entertainment—would add a few marble tables and ash-trays to their pit. But the Temples of High Art, as Mr. Henry Irving refutes himself by admitting, would remain unpolluted. "To me," he says, "and to certain other managers, any change in the law will make no difference." But think of the difference to the music-halls! They have everything to gain, while the really artistic playhouses have nothing to lose, by this change. Here they are trying, vaguely, blindly, imperfectly—for these "sketches" are very protoplastic affairs—to exchange the no-art of their "topical" song and "cellar-flap" dance for the art of drama, only to find their alcohol and tobacco thrown in their faces by the Tolstoyite managers. Listen to their spokesman, Mr. Charles Coborn, the hero of "Two Lovely Black Eyes," a bard better known to the population of these islands than Homer or the Poet Laureate. "In the name of common sense why will people high in the dramatic world come forward and exhibit themselves in the ridiculous position of arguing that while on the one hand dramatic art is elevating in its tendency, yet on the other that the music-halls, which they all declare, with wonderful unanimity, need elevating, must not take advantage of that elevating influence because people smoke and drink in the said music-halls? What have the smoking and drinking to do with the sketches?" What, indeed? Let the Tolstoyites answer Mr. Coborn, if they can. The plain truth is that the theatrical managers are vainly fighting against a natural law. A glance at the history of the Greek theatre should convince them that, where music and dancing are wedded, there by-and-by will drama surely be born. Music and dancing are found together at music-halls, and to complain that their combination produces drama, is as futile as to complain that the combination of certain quantities of nitre, sulphur, and charcoal produces gunpowder.

THE BLIZZARD.

IT is useless to struggle against the diction of our American kinsmen. Mr. John Morley once protested that the transatlantic invasion of English speech was ruinous to the dignity of our mother tongue. The importation of American terms is naturally vexing to all who cherish conservatism of style, and hold that the resources of our language are equal to every conceivable demand. We must mournfully confess that they are not. Against American spelling we may make an indomitable stand. Rather than write honour without the "u," and travelling with one "l," every Englishman with any literary sense would gladly die. But this week the elements have sided with the invader, and we are vanquished. One potent American word has literally been acclimatised amongst us, and stalks abroad unattended by the scornful escort in the shape of inverted commas, which shadow the suspicious intruder like Mr. Balfour's police. No portcullis and drawbridge of the British dictionary can henceforth exclude the Blizzard. No purely native eloquence can adequately describe the storm which swept over the south and west of England, which made the Channel as angry as the Bay of Biscay, which chastened the spirit of railway officials, and laid low the pride of the telegraph service; which enveloped hapless voyagers in mad gyrations of snow, and buried them in drifts, which gave London the aspect of a desert city haunted by the ghosts of Vanderdecken cabmen trying to weather the Cape Horn of the St. Stephen's Club. We have yielded to the devastating Blizzard, which, in its own country, sometimes ravages Dakotah, destroying man and beast, and which, three years ago, reduced the citizens of New

York to condensed milk. Luckily it has not visited us with the full measure of its fury. Everyone who saw the snow-storm in New York will smile grimly at the adventures which are now the burden of every conversation, and the thrills of five o'clock tea. For forty-eight hours the New Yorker did not know the identity of his own street. Nothing was visible in the principal squares but the commanding nose of a statue, which occasionally gladdened the sinking spirits of the lost pedestrian. A philanthropic tradesman in one of the chief thoroughfares put a placard outside his door with the useful announcement, "This is Twenty-third Street." The snow drifted against the houses on the windy side till it reached the first-floor windows, and the beleaguered inmates had to cut tunnels down the steps. On the third day the tramway lines were dug out of two feet of solid ice, and the banks of snow piled on each side of the roadway were often ten feet high. Such is the Blizzard as it is known in New York. The appeal it has made to us this week is comparatively modest, but it is quite convincing.

To stand in the middle of Piccadilly Circus at midnight on Monday was a useful experience in philosophy. You wondered for a while how other people were going to get home. There were the play-goers, for instance, who, having booked their seats, had gone hardily to the theatre, and gazed comfortably at the Cigale in the imaginary snow-storm on the stage of the Lyric. They were now wandering helplessly in the storm, testing the limitations of umbrellas, and bewildered by the stony indifference of cabmen. A cabman's refusal of a fare is always incredible to a Londoner. It happens sometimes in the small hours that a stray hansom which is not going your way will give you the cold shoulder. But here was a whole procession of hansoms moving stolidly homewards, regardless of the haughty call and the beseeching cry. There is nothing so crushing as the independence of the cabman returning to his mews, and deaf to all entreaties. The skinny hand of the Ancient Mariner himself could not have stopped one of these white images, making for the haven of the stable, and leaving the distracted wayfarer with the last proof that chaos had come again. All this time the snow was scourging the open space like blinding flour, as if some demon miller were discharging his barrels on the blast. How fared it with wanderers in the country and on the sea? That thought transformed Piccadilly at once into a place for the cultivation of personal comfort. What was the distress of looking vainly for a cab compared with the anxiety of Captain Shirley, letting go his anchor off Calais harbour! That passage in the *Victoria* reaches the proportions of an heroic experience. One does not usually associate Channel steamers with remarkable deeds, but some score or more of people have good reason to remember that they owe their lives to the skill and coolness of an officer who may not be found in nautical annals amongst notable navigators. The sea-sick passenger who crosses in the *Victoria*, and thinks life is not worth living when he is in mid-Channel, may brace himself by recollecting the real perils which assailed that vessel for many hours on Monday night. Had the cables parted, or had the anchor not found a sandy bottom, nothing could have saved the *Victoria* from total wreck.

On land the Blizzard made sport of science, played havoc with communications, and gave its victims an equal taste of the preliminaries of dissolution by cold and starvation. Some of the experiences have a touch of quaintness. The head-line in the newspapers, "Clergymen Snowed Up," is apparently intended to suggest that the Blizzard is reckless to the point of being irreligious. What did those parsons talk of while they were immured in the drift? Did they discuss theology, and the audacity of "Lux Mundi," and the judgment on the Bishop of Lincoln? It might be useful to know what importance the great candle question would preserve in the mind of an Evangelical clergyman when he was very cold and hungry, and kept out of his comfortable bed. Some ingenious writer of Christmas literature might turn this speculation to account in a tale of the "submerged tenth" and their spiritual comforters. But there was one man on Monday to whom the Blizzard brought a wild prompting of hope. The storm which raged over city and plain, which made the London streets as desolate as the moor where Eustacia Vye used to light the beacon fire for Wildeve, seemed a blessing to the convict at Portsmouth who sought freedom under the white and whirling mantle. Possibly his thoughts as he lay half dead were in harmony with the elements, though they had mocked him with a hollow promise of liberty. He and they were fit companions in a fashion, but the penalties of moral fellowship with the Blizzard are a little too much for human endurance.

HOME PETS.

XII.—Watches.

WHENEVER I see the bright, intelligent face of a young watch, or stroke its soft, curly hair-spring, I am particularly impressed with its charm as a home pet. It costs nothing to acquire one; for watches, like plush tobacco-pouches and candid opinions, are generally given to you by someone who knows no better. They are cleanly in their habits. They make excellent playmates for children. Their variety, both in structure and temperament, is very great; many stories might be told by old fanciers to illustrate the distinct and vivid personalities of their favourite watches.

A friend of mine once had a watch of a romantic and imaginative character. He always assured me that there was Italian blood in that watch. One day he was in an upholsterer's shop, trying to find something which would give his chambers a higher tone, when his attention was attracted by one of those tall old-fashioned clocks. At the same moment he noticed that his watch had climbed out of his pocket and was looking hard at the same clock. He laughed at its playfulness, and put it back again; but he noticed at the time that there was an envious expression on its second-hand. Presently, as he was talking to the upholsterer, he hit his waistcoat-pocket, just to remind the watch that he was outside. To his surprise he found that the watch was also outside; it had jumped out again, and was once more staring at that fine old clock. He wound it up hard—to punish it—and took it home at once. It was not safe, of course, to take it about the streets any more. When a dishonest loafer sees a man dangling loose outside a watch, he naturally makes use of his opportunity and takes one of the two. My friend, getting anxious, took his watch to a watch-doctor, who said that it wanted cleaning; then, not being quite satisfied, he consulted a psychologist, who said that it was Ambition. There can be little doubt that the psychologist was right. The watch had admired the big clock immensely, and it was now *trying to be a clock*. This was unmistakable. Whenever the hands pointed to the hour, it always looked just as if it were going to strike; and it went much more cheerfully when it stood on the ground against the wall like a clock. It never actually became a clock. My friend sold it, and afterwards found that it had imagined itself into being a sun-dial, but could get no further.

I do not want you to be misled by this story. I do not say that all watches would show so much ambition and imagination. I simply have given this as an instance of one of the many varieties of temperament to be found in watches. But nearly all watches resemble each other in at least one point—nearly all are extremely sensitive. A man was walking out one day with his faithful watch by his side; he had been in the habit of

allowing his watch occasionally to carry some little trifle for him, such as a postage stamp or a scrap of paper with an address on it, and it was always quite obvious that the watch was proud and glad to be able to assist its master. On such occasions you would notice it jumping about and champing its swivel in a most spirited way. However, on this particular day he purchased a penny stamp, and, out of sheer absence of mind, asked the man who sold it if he would kindly put it in a piece of paper for him. This made it a bigger parcel than could be carried by the watch, so the man took it home in his hand. When he got home, he looked at his watch. It had gained two hours, broken its mainspring, and was lashing out all round his pocket with its regulator. This was not bad temper; it was sensitiveness. The watch felt hurt at being neglected. It is not to be denied, of course, that there are such things as bad-tempered watches, but in nine cases out of ten it will be found that this bad-temper simply arises from their being constantly kept on the chain. The most sensitive watches are those that have three hands. The third hand is always a second hand, which is a paradox on the face of it, and it is trying for a watch to wear its paradoxes where other people wear their smiles. If you want your watch to be miserable you must study its temperament. Half the pleasure in the world is caused by careless and inconsiderate actions.

It is not generally denied now-a-days that those watches which contain the figure seven in the number they bear never go on Sundays. Science is still groping after an explanation of this phenomenon; and with all our boasted progress it is to be feared that no satisfactory conclusion has yet been reached. It has been asserted, though with less authority, that good watches when they die go to Geneva; while those whose works are evil do not as a rule go at all, even when they are alive.

WATER-COLOURS AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE.

CERTAIN small internal changes have been effected in the Royal Institute this year, the most important of which is, perhaps, the permission granted to miniaturists to exhibit—a privilege so lately accorded that less than a dozen of their efforts, hanging on the door of the secretary's office, mark the new departure. Even in the hopeless days—for native art—of the Early Stewarts, British miniature-painters were celebrated; and though the discovery of photography for a time paralysed their dainty vocation, it now slowly but surely recovers, science never in the long run proving inimical to any true art. To furnish an advisable increase of revenue, it is understood that the Council decided to charge a somewhat higher commission on sales effected. The alternative proposal was to greatly limit or abolish the private view, and thus send a current of visitors through the shilling-mulcting turnstiles; but the suggestion met with little favour. The Institute men strongly uphold the sacred duty of hospitality; and this year, their functions on past occasions having been inconveniently crowded, threw their galleries gratuitously open to their privileged friends on two successive days.

The present Institute gives us the first-fruits of a winter which has been unprecedentedly terrible to the painter; and the effects of a long sequence of fogs, frosts, snows, blizzards, and short, joyless, lightless, grey days, are all the more painfully evident because the 1890 display was so especially strong. Seeing how much public interest in water-colours has been stimulated by the just-closed Old Masters' Exhibition at Burlington House, and bearing in mind the encampment of the invading Picts and Scots at Dowdeswell's Gallery, this is all the more regrettable. But the excuse is unusually valid.

In the West Gallery the two most important drawings are by Mr. T. Austen Brown and Mr. James Orrock. Mr. Brown has evidently lovingly studied certain modern Dutch masters; his "Feeding Calves" shows us the warm, low-toned, brown interior of a stable, and a girl feeding the beautiful dappled red-and-white little animals. The grace and balance of the composition, the unaffected charm of the sentiment, the tender harmony of colour, and delightful quality of the work, whether on the coats of the calves or the figure of the firmly drawn maiden, all combine to make this drawing one to be left with regret and constantly returned to with pleasure. Mr. Orrock's "Woodhouse Mill, Leicestershire," occupies the centre of an end wall, and is the largest and best of several fine drawings. It represents an old mill standing on a little mound in the midst of a broad and open moor; the sky above is charged with hurrying clouds; a strong fresh breeze sweeps across the wide expanse; and the whole drawing is instinct with healthy, manly force. It is only left for us to wish for a little more variety in the tones of the dominant browns and greens, and a little more subtlety and care in the details of the foreground. "Duty—1812," by Mr. W. B. Wollen, whose "Waterloo" last year attracted so much attention, will find many admirers. It represents a Uhlan on outpost duty, facing a blinding storm of sleet and wind with the dogged resolution of a fatalist. The patient resignation of the well-drawn horse is eloquently expressed; and the generally dull tone of the picture saves the artist from his besetting sin of crudity of colour.

Mr. Anderson Hague is an exceedingly clever artist, but in his passionate eagerness to obtain direct effect in "Evening" he has succeeded only in producing a landscape of disorganised patches. Mr. Stock is always expected to provide the imaginative work. His "Eve" has a beautiful sensual face, chastened by a prescience of coming evil; but there is very little imagination in the coiled stage-property serpent with a Gorgon's head by her side. The very sight of such a creature would have frightened the universal mother; and we may feel assured Lucifer took a more alluring disguise than that of a loathsome hybrid.

Mr. C. E. Hern, who is responsible for the progress in water-colours made at Marlborough House, abandons his effeminately pretty transcripts of metropolitan spires, and in "Midnight—Midcity—Midsummer" surprises us with an impressive rendering of St. Paul's, solemn and vast in the moonlight. The professional humorists seem to have put off their cap and bells this season. Mr. Frank Dadd's "Captain of the Troop" lies dying in a crowded room whilst a Puritan soldier intones passages of Holy Writ, and the captain's wife presses his child to her breast in mute agony. It creates the impression of being an illustration for some tale. Mr. Dollman draws two thorough-breds tethered to a tree, and two gentlemen of the last century sitting on a bench, one of them looking at a locket. It is called "Her Portrait," and, though animals and men are well drawn, has no special interest. Mr. Tenniel, on the contrary, a rare exhibitor, sends a vivacious little study, delightful in colour, firm in drawing, running over with the spirit of coxcombry, "How Gil Blas Arrayed Himself in the Blue Velvet."

Sir James Linton is represented by three small portraits, all executed with his characteristic delicacy and refinement. "Miss Marjorie," apparently a Néruda of the future, perched in a chair with a bow in her hand and a music-stand behind her, is dressed in claret-coloured velvet, of which the texture and quality are wonderfully rendered, and which forms a rich harmony with the other draperies. The exquisitely finished intelligent and lovable face is one of the President's happiest efforts. The brown dress, relieved by bluish-grey gloves and a knot of cornflowers, in the portrait of Mrs. F. G. Langham, furnishes an unusual and singularly beautiful arrangement of colour. Mr. E. J. Gregory, with his

minutely finished studies of figures and draperies, is a deplorable absentee this year.

Architectural subjects are skilfully handled by Mr. Fulleylove, whose "Ely Cathedral," somewhat straggling in composition, is an admirable example of his clear, transparent, untroubled handling of water-colours; by Mr. Phené Spiers, whose efforts tend towards the same form of excellence; by Mr. Jules Lessore, whose style is totally different, and whose "Entrance to the Ducal Palace, Venice," we much prefer to his "Notre Dame"; and by Mrs. Harry Hine. Mr. Alfred East returns to his former love. He leaves all memory of distant Japan to Mr. John Varley, who opens the catalogue with a Japanese landscape, and expresses very eloquently the poetry of the misery of a London winter by street scenes taken during the snow at "Haverstock Hill" and the "Eyre Arms."

Mr. Bernard Evans's two drawings—"Richmond, Yorkshire" and "Fountains Abbey"—would alone make the Exhibition worth visiting. Mr. Evans, with the force and vigour of a De Wint, deals with Nature in all her luxuriant fulness of expression and beauty. He takes half a county for his subject—rivers and towns, waving woods in all June's opulence of foliage, and receding leagues of the far-off purple moorland. It is a great gift to feel Nature as Mr. Evans feels her, and, despite certain obvious faults, the time may come when the world will learn to appraise this gift at a figure as startling as anything ever realised by a Cox or any of the founders of the English Water-Colour School.

"Too Late," by Mr. Joseph Nash, is probably the most refreshingly original drawing in the galleries. An empty boat rides swiftly over the intensely blue waters of the open ocean, an oar with a wisp of something lashed to it as a signal of distress upright in her bows; quickly overhauling her is another boat, rowed by a stalwart crew, coming from a full-rigged ship in the distance, the officer in command of her rising eagerly from his seat in the stern-sheets. He and his sturdy men are too late. Whatever occupant that abandoned boat may have had has passed beyond their aid. We will not stay to inquire if a boat left derelict would glide forward—as this one does—as though propelled by some spirit down "nine fathom deep," or drift broadside to the sea. Suffice it for us that it is exceedingly well drawn, and the subjec tand treatment vividly dramatic. Messrs. Bale, C. J. Lewis, Wimperis, Gordon Browne, Weatherhead, A. W. Weedon, Caffieri, Charles Cattermole, H. R. Steer, Arthur Severn, Leopold Rivers, Walter Langley, Aumonier, Dudley Hardy, and the Vice-President, Mr. G. H. Hine, all send work well meriting detailed notice.

THE DRAMA.

YES; it *is* an obvious remark—which will probably occur in a score of criticisms—that the subject of Mr. Pinero's *Lady Bountiful* suggests a novel rather than a play. One cannot always be ignoring the obvious—paradoxes, like partridges, must have their "close time" now and again—and my criticism will have to be one of the score which my friend Mr. William Archer foresees. But I shall take my courage in both hands and venture, for once, to disagree with Mr. Archer when he goes on to contend that the obvious remark ought to imply commendation rather than censure. Certainly, the novel is superior to drama in that it takes a wider, more leisurely, more minute survey of human life. Let us, then, encourage every attempt to transfer to the stage the most advanced methods of fiction. My quarrel with Mr. Pinero is that he does not lay hold of those advanced methods. The sort of novel which his story suggests is the old-fashioned English "chronicle" novel, rambling, diffuse, quasi-biographical, artless, unsymmetrical, wanting in all sense of proportion. Of this sort, to be sure, are the novels of Dickens and Thackeray; but all attempts to transfer the novels of Dickens to the stage have been hideous failures, and any such attempts in the case of Thackeray have been so obviously hopeless as never even to have been ventured upon. Why? For the simple reason that novels of this sort do not give us unity of impression. The modern French novel, with its advanced methods—and it is, of course, the methods of the modern French novel which the French rebels against the well-made play have attempted to transfer to the stage—does give us this unity of impression. A drama which does not give us this unity cannot be said to constitute a play: it is a sequence of different plays; it is not a work of art, one and indivisible. One of the notoriously weak points of the English novel has always been its failure to give us this unity. In this matter, whatever its general superiority, it is inferior to drama. We shall hardly strengthen the English drama by transferring to the stage the peculiar weaknesses of English fiction.

And that, it seems to me, is what Mr. Pinero has done in *Lady Bountiful*. The bare outlines of his story are those of the story of "The Newcomes" (and for that matter of a round dozen of other less famous English novels). I do not speak of the filling-in, the treatment, the atmosphere; these are widely different in book and play; but the two love-plots are practically identical. The hero in both book and play is beloved by two women; marries the wrong one; becomes a widower; and ultimately weds his first love. In the book there is a certain half-hearted attempt to give us unity of impression by reducing Clive's marriage with Rosey to the proportion of an episode, by slurring over the pathos of her death (we are only allowed to read it in the *Times*), and by giving Ethel a character and a story of her own, independent of her relations to Clive. Contrast this with the play. There the marriage of Dennis Heron with Margaret Veale ceases to be an episode. It becomes, for a time, the play itself. For a whole act our attention is concentrated on that marriage; all our sympathies are engaged by it. Our previous interest in the love-affair of Dennis and Camilla Brent is abruptly arrested by it. Camilla merely lags superfluous, while all our tears are demanded for the pathetic figure of Margaret, who is made to die before our eyes. Unity of impression might have been secured by combining the Margaret-subject with the Camilla-subject. The jealousy of Margaret for Camilla might have been developed in a passionate scene between the two women. (Ah! don't ask me how! That would be Mr. Pinero's business, not mine.) Dennis might have been shown as still hankering after his first-love, and, perhaps, placed in a sort of Captain Macheath situation. Or (had not Mr. Pinero's avowed intention been to tell "a simple tale to speed a young maid's hour—no lust, not a Commandment broke") the dying Margaret, Dennis's mistress, instead of wife, might have entreated Camilla, his lawful spouse, to adopt the new-born child—as happens in the *Musotte* of M. Guy de Maupassant, produced in Paris last week. By some such means as these we might have had the element of uncertainty, spiritual conflict, the tying and untying of a knot, without which there can be no real drama. And we should have had unity of impression, we should have had a play. What we do get is two plays: one showing the wooing of Camilla by Dennis, their separation, and ultimate union (Act I., first half of Act II., Act IV.); the other showing the marriage of Dennis with Margaret, their poverty, and Margaret's death (second half of Act II., Act III.). The two plays appeal to different sets of interests and sympathies, with the result that the spectator, asked to shift his attention abruptly from the Camilla-subject to the Margaret-subject, and then back again, becomes confused, irritated, and finally languid. And all because the dramatist has attempted to transfer to the stage the (anything but advanced) methods of the (wrong sort of) novel.

A more serious grievance is prompted by the reflection that the author of *Lady Bountiful* is also the author of *The Profligate*. It is simply deplorable that a man of Mr. Pinero's calibre should condescend "to speed a young maid's hour," when he might be tackling serious problems, dramatising the great crises of life, giving fully developed adults something to set their brains at work. In the name of this young maid he fobs us off with a couple of commonplace love-stories. Not being, as it happens, a young maid, I regard this as a flagrant shirking of duty on Mr. Pinero's part towards myself, not to mention some hundreds of thousands of my fellow-playgoers. Really, if our young maids are going to spoil our foremost dramatists for us in this way, the sooner we import that old Minotaur the better. But enough of devil's—and minotaur's—advocacy! With all its shortcomings *Lady Bountiful* is a play which one would be sorry not to have seen, and still more sorry not to have heard. For not only is it admirably put upon the stage—the riding-school of Act II., the lodging-house basement of Act III., and the church interior of Act IV. are triumphs of *mise-en-scène*—not only does it abound in ingenious details of stage "business," Mr. Pinero, like Sardou, having that invaluable gift *le doigté du dramaturge*, the fingering of the playwright, but its dialogue is fresh, delicate, direct, and quietly humorous. Note, among the "business" ingenuities, how every detail of the second scene is made to contribute to the general atmosphere of "horseyness," and how the interview between the lovers in the church scene gains in interest by the mere fact that it takes place in total darkness. This "coal-hole" effect, however, is not entirely new to the stage, as some critics have rashly supposed. We had already seen it at the Lyceum in the last act of *The Lyons Mail*, and something very much like it in the third tableau of that wonderful *Mort du Duc d'Enghien*, which M. Antoine gave us a year or two ago at the Royalty. (Since the first night, Mr. Hare has explained that this coal-hole effect was a mere accident. Something, it appears, had gone wrong with the electric light. If so, I can only say it was as lucky an accident as the fall of Newton's apple, and the Garrick stage-manager will be unworthy of any more gifts from the Fairy Goodfortune if he does not arrange for that electric light to go wrong nightly.) Another weighty reason for not missing the piece is the exquisite art with which it is interpreted by the Garrick players—Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Marie Linden, Miss Webster, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, Mr. Charles Groves, and the rest of that admirable company. In the part of the elderly humbug, Roderick Heron ("related," as Mr. Pinero anticipates an obvious criticism by admitting, "to the well-known family of the Skimpoles"), Mr. John Hare adds another droll figure to his well-stocked gallery of stage-eccentrics.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

MR. NORMAN LOCKYER has returned to England from Egypt, where he has been engaged during the past two months in pursuing his investigations into the orientation of the temples at Thebes and elsewhere on the Nile. MR. LOCKYER—who is loud in his praise of the courtesy shown to him by the officials of all classes, and above all by the French guardians of Egyptian antiquities—has made considerable progress with his very interesting inquiry into the astronomical uses of the temples of Egypt and Greece—an inquiry which he believes will throw new light upon the religions held and the rites practised in them.

THE portrait of MR. GLADSTONE painted in 1888 by MR. H. J. THADDEUS during the Liberal Statesman's visit to Florence, has just been purchased by the Reform Club, and will be added to the gallery of political portraits for which the Club is famous.

THE great BARON TAUCHNITZ, who has so long reigned supreme in his domain, despite many attempts to oust him from his throne, is to have another rival. We are not prepared to say that the latest attempt to supplant TAUCHNITZ as the librarian of the Continent will be more successful than those which have preceded it; but, at all events, it will be made in all seriousness, and will be supported by plenty of capital.

WHO is responsible for the statement that "MR. JAMES PAYN has just joined the staff of *Punch?*" MR. PAYN has contributed to *Punch* for many years past, some of the best jokes illustrated by MR. DU MAURIER having sprung from the fertile brain of the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd." But he has never been one of the acknowledged members of the *Punch* staff, and we doubt whether the temptations offered by the weekly Wednesday evening dinner in Bouverie Street—great though they must be to a man of MR. PAYN'S social instincts—will induce him to abandon his present position of happy independence.

AFTER an interval of five years from the appearance of the first series, DR. GARNETT has at length issued two more priceless volumes of "An Old Shropshire Oak" (KEGAN PAUL), the wonderful uncommon-place book of SOUTHEY'S son-in-law, the late REV. JOHN WOOD WARTER, who was well known in his lifetime as the author of a fine book of Sussex studies, "The Seaboard and the Down." The first two volumes consisted of historical, archæological, roundabout papers on England from the earliest times down to the beginning of the Tudor period, with Shropshire as centre, and a special bearing on the antiquities of that county. The new volumes, on the same discursive method, come down to the end of GEORGE III.'s reign. MR. WARTER'S extraordinary acquaintance with literature, strong local attachment, and love of nature and mankind, have given him a unique position among literary antiquaries.

ENGLISH travellers in Italy who have been privileged to carry away with them the pleasant reminiscence of a day at Vincigliata, the Florentine estate of MR. JOHN TEMPLE-LEADER, will welcome "Leader Scott's" beautiful volume, "Vincigliata and Maiano" (UNWIN). The castle of Vincigliata illustrates the phase of the feudal era in Italy; and, thanks to MR. TEMPLE-LEADER, it is no more a dumb and shapeless ruin, but a full and complete restoration, giving a clear picture of the Middle Ages. As an historical guide for intending visitors to Vincigliata, and as a delightful souvenir for those who have been there, it would be difficult to match this very handsome volume. The fact that it is printed by BARBERA, of Florence, will give it an added value in the eyes of collectors.

A VERY remarkable work, an illustrated description of the capitals of the world, is under weigh in Paris. London will be described by SIR CHARLES DILKE; Berlin, by M. ANTONIN PROUST, formerly French Minister of the Fine Arts; Paris, by M. COPPÉE, the poet; St. Petersburg, by the VICOMTE MELCHIOR DE VOGÜE, an historical and archæological writer of note; Vienna, by MADAME ADAM, whose journalistic fame is in both hemispheres; New York, by the COMTE DE KÉRARTY, a very versatile writer, at home in military affairs, the historian of the short-lived Mexican Empire, and the author of one or two plays; Constantinople, by "PIERRE LOTI," *i.e.*, JULIEN VIAND, one of whose stories,

"Qui Frappe?" has been translated by the QUEEN OF ROUMANIA, who is to describe her own capital, Bucharest. M. DARMESTETER will be responsible for Calcutta, and M. CAMILLE PELLETAN, editor of *La Justice*, for Cairo. GENERAL CHING-KE-TUNG, whom the French call KCHENG-KI-TONG, the Secretary of the Chinese Legation in Paris, and the author of interesting works on China, written in good French, will describe Pekin. MADAME MENDEZ, better known as "JUDITH GAUTIER," an authority on Japanese art and literature, will describe Tokio.

M. HETZEL has just published a new edition, in four volumes, of M. ERNEST LEGOUVÉ'S "Soixante Ans de Souvenirs." M. ERNEST LEGOUVÉ was one of SCRIBE'S collaborateurs, is a great authority on elocution, an Academician, and at eighty preserves all the freshness of youth.

OF the brilliant *pléiade* of nobly-born poets who illumined the early Tudor period, M. EDMOND BAPST, in his "Deux Gentilshommes-Poètes de la Cour de Henry VIII." (PLON), has chosen as types LORD ROCHFORD and LORD SURREY. The first of these is very little studied, even in our own country; indeed, none except enthusiasts and those who have to read literature professionally know or remember that the brother of ANNE BOLEYN was a poet at all. LORD SURREY most people know as a poet, at least by reputation. M. BAPST thinks that we English have made a fantastic hero of him, and he attempts, with the aid of contemporary documents, to give his true likeness. M. BAPST is evidently intimately acquainted with the English literature and history of HENRY VIII.'s time, and his book will be read with much interest.

THE able essays by CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE, author of the "Life of Fra Angelico," which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, *The Edinburgh Review*, and other periodicals, on DANTE, PETRARCH, TASSO, the Italian Drama, etc., have been published in one volume under the title of "Studies in Italian Literature" (SAMPSON LOW). The late RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PHILLIMORE, whose fine literary taste and wise criticism guided the author in the revision of these essays, is responsible for several verse translations in the text. A legend, in rhymed pentameters, of LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "Last Supper" is appended.

THE true glory of Ancient Rome undoubtedly lay in the power of her legislation. Although it may have seemed to slumber, the ancient spirit of the "People of Right" has never really died, and Italy has again become the living and fruitful home of the Science of Law. "Italy," says PROFESSOR LORIMER, "is the land on which, since Germany went on the 'war-path,' the mantle of scientific jurisprudence seems to have fallen"—more especially, we may add, on the shoulders of PROFESSOR DIODATI LIOY, of Naples, whose "Philosophy of Right" has just been translated by MR. W. HASTIE, and published by MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO.

SOME interesting biographical works are promised shortly. MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO. will publish in a few days "The Life of Archbishop Tait," by DEAN DAVIDSON and CANON BENHAM. MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS have in the press a "Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle," by MRS. ALEXANDER IRELAND, which will contain some unpublished letters and a good portrait. MR. JOHN MURRAY will issue shortly after Easter a volume of SIR ROBERT PEEL'S early letters, covering the period of his Irish Secretaryship, and his first term of office as Home Secretary. PEEL'S letters will be edited by MR. C. S. PARKER, M.P. A new Life of SIR THOMAS MORE will be issued immediately by MESSRS. BURNS & OATES, uniform with their "Life of Blessed John Fisher." MR. GIBBINGS will publish in a limited edition "The Memoirs of Lady Hamilton," edited and annotated by MR. H. LONG. MR. HEINEMANN promises "The Social Life of Marie Bashkirtseff," being extracts from her letters and journals, illustrated with drawings and studies. MESSRS. METHUEN & CO. are to be the publishers of W. CLARK RUSSELL'S "Life of Lord Collingwood" which we announced some weeks ago. MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS will publish this month "Theodoric the Goth," as the fourth volume of the "Heroes of the Nations." The next five issues in this important series will be "Sir Philip Sidney," by H. R. FOX-BOURNE; "Hannibal," by PROFESSOR FREEMAN; "Cicero," by J. L. S. DAVIDSON; "Charles the Bold," by R. LODGE; and "Louis XIV.," by ARTHUR HASSALL.

LORD RONALD GOWER has edited a selection from the correspondence of his father and mother, the second DUKE and DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, with his (LORD GOWER'S) paternal grandmother, HARRIET HOWARD—the "Duchess-Countess," as she was called in later years. The book is entitled "Stafford House Letters," and is published by MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO.

YET another series of reprints! MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS begin a shilling monthly issue of "Companion Poets," edited by EMERITUS PROFESSOR MORLEY, with AYTOUN'S "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and Other Poems," dear to every Scotch schoolboy, and still privately, in despite of MATTHEW ARNOLD, the delight of many who ought, but refuse, to know better. The same publishers have brought out the first volume of "The Mignon Edition" of "Knight's Shakespeare." It is to contain three hundred and seventy illustrations by the indefatigable SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A. The "Mignon Shakespeare" and "Companion Poets" are printed on Bible paper, and the volumes are six inches long by three and a half broad. Five hundred copies of an *édition de luxe* of both series will be published along with the popular issue.

IN "The Log of a Jack Tar; or the Life of James Choyce, Mariner," the sixth volume of MR. FISHER UNWIN'S "Adventure Series," COMMANDER CAMERON has provided a puzzle for reviewers. The grave preface, which seems to say so much about CHOYCE, omits to explain how his MS. came into COMMANDER CAMERON'S hands; the editor regrets that no portrait of CHOYCE exists, and no light is thrown upon the life of the hero after he quitted the sea and log-writing. If the first portion of the book should prove apocryphal, there can be no doubt of the authenticity of the second, an abridged version of the "Narrative of Captain O'Brien's Shipwreck, Captivity, and Escape from France," which was published originally in 1811. O'BRIEN is supposed to have been the model for the worthy of that name in MARRYAT'S "Peter Simple."

"MRS. STEELE'S biography (published by MACMILLAN & CO.) of the RIGHT HON. ARTHUR KAVANAGH, the Irish landlord and M.P., who had neither arms nor legs, will doubtless," says a correspondent, "revive many memories of that extraordinary man. I remember seeing and marvelling at him in an Irish hunting-field on one occasion. Strapped on a fast horse, the reins twisted round the stumps that served him both for arms and for hands, and the whip secured in some way to his side (he could use that whip, too), he rode with the nerve and skill of a cross-country jockey. It sounds irreverent, but in everything that he did the man seemed to triumph over his Maker. KAVANAGH'S really was a marvellous case, a case that gives us as much to reflect

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

upon as to wonder at. When we think of man in the abstract, we think of an animal that has hands. It is by the power of the hand, as BELL noted in his famous Bridgewater Treatise, that man is accommodated to every condition through which his destinies are to be accomplished. Some creatures can hold and pull, others can spin, build, or weave. Man is the only creature that can do all of these things (and a good many other things), because he alone possesses a perfect hand. The hand owes most of its power to the thumb. Thumbless man would be a dependent and comparatively defenceless animal. The three-score and ten kings whose thumbs and great-toes ADONI-BEZEK cut off, were reduced to the shift of gathering their meat under his table.

IF, for example, ARTHUR KAVANAGH had been merely a thumbless man, it would still have been very wonderful that he should be a good shot, an expert angler, a brilliant horseman, and able to write well, and draw and paint not badly. But to shoot, fish, ride, write, and paint, with nothing but a trunk to serve one! He had no legs, and his anterior extremities were stumps that "extended only a few inches from the shoulder."

ONCE more: such hopelessly imperfect creatures as KAVANAGH—I mean, of course, imperfect in the physical sense—are popularly (and perhaps not quite unreasonably) expected to resign themselves to a querulous bed-room or arm-chair existence, or to develop anti-social or more or less diabolical passions. Years ago there was an armless mendicant haunting the neighbourhood of Moscow, whose interest in life was wholly murderous. He stunned his almsgivers by butting them in the belly with his head, dragged them by his teeth into a wood, and there pounded them to death. KAVANAGH was a man of inexhaustible cheerfulness—large-hearted, keen to live, and enjoying life.

SHALL we seek a moral?—quite a practical one. The example of KAVANAGH ought to make most of us who have hands rather ashamed of ourselves. How many of us can do with our hands one-quarter as much as KAVANAGH did with a few inches of stump? We have almost ceased to train the hand in these days. We learn, or try to learn, the theories of things out of books; but we never learn to do the things with our hands. GALILEO'S telescopes were made with his own hands. PRINCE KROPOTKIN asked many months ago, in the *Nineteenth Century*, how many modern men of science are capable, not of making, but even of designing the commonest scientific instrument. There is a weakness in our educational system. It is that we make too rigid a distinction between the work of the brain and the work of the hand, that we are not seeking "to combine a thorough knowledge of science with a thorough knowledge of handicraft." Result (one result)—the inventive faculty is lost amongst our industrial workers.

MR. ALFRED PARSONS—why will the newspapers insist on calling this artist, of all others, an American?—now occupies the Fine Art Society's rooms with his exhibition, "Gardens and Orchards." It is always a pleasure to note the growth of an artist in strength and subtlety; and for this reason only "Gardens and Orchards" is a noteworthy collection, since it contains some of the best work that MR. PARSONS has yet done. The charm of his themes is sympathetically conveyed in an admirable preface with which MR. HENRY JAMES has adorned the catalogue. It is a sense of permanence that these pictures leave. The richness of the gardens which MR. PARSONS paints so affectionately is the work of time and of time only, and to turn from the stir of Bond Street into the Fine Art Society's Rooms is just now to taste the real delight of an English garden. There is considerable boldness in the frames which MR. PARSONS has chosen for his water-colours; but owing to his even bolder use of water-colour, they may be called a success.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT.

ROME, March 3rd, 1891.

IN my last letter I wrote, that it was very commonly believed by the members of the House and by the country, that the Rudini administration would be short-lived. I must say that this opinion is changing for the better. After two weeks, it is now generally thought that it will have a very troubled life, but that it may live. It will be like those sickly men who, by dint of studious care, live longer than the healthy ones. One of the principal causes of its comparative good fortune is the very bad condition in which Signor Crispi has left his party. He cannot be its leader because he has so many enemies in it; and he cannot suffer that anyone else should lead it. So till now there has not been found any means of reorganising it.

Yesterday the House resumed its sittings; Zanardelli, the Minister of Grace and Justice in the last Ministry—a very clever man and the best speaker now in the House—acted as the chief of His Majesty's Opposition. His attack upon the Rudini Ministry was fierce, but not very successful. He said that he and his friends must combat it because it is not a liberal one; but he did not say why it is not a liberal one. Besides, the occasion was not well chosen. Signor Biancheri, the Speaker of the House, had resigned because he thought that having been elected Speaker on Signor Crispi's proposal, he could not remain in his office after Signor Crispi's fall. The reasoning was not very solid, especially as he is much nearer to Rudini's than to Crispi's party. Be that as it may, Signor Rudini proposed to the House that Signor Biancheri's resignation should not be accepted, and he made of the acceptance of this proposal a Cabinet question. Signor Zanardelli, who was decidedly opposed to Signor Rudini in all the rest, declared himself favourable to this proposition, and voted for it. So the resignation was unanimously rejected.

What followed was more important. Signor Luzzatti rose to make a short financial statement. We are not quite where we were when his predecessor, Signor Grimaldi, read his statement, of which I wrote to you. Our deficit in the financial year 1891–92 ought to be, in English money, £1,538,091. But, as our income, especially from customs, excise, stamps, and registration, continues to diminish, Signor Luzzatti thinks it prudent to augment the estimate of the deficit of the coming year, and puts it at £400,000 more. And how is it to be supplied? You know that the Ministry has sworn to do it only by economy, nothing but economy. So Signor Luzzatti accepts those already proposed by his predecessor, amounting to £360,000, and adds to them £1,440,000 of further retrenchment found in all the departments of the State administration. We want yet £120,000. These Signor Luzzatti looks for from the banks of emission, whose privilege will be renewed, and from some petty taxes. Regarding the Treasury, of which the debt will be £14,400,000 at the end of this year, he promises to lighten it by the product of these same taxes; and since we construct our railways by selling in the market State bonds, he promises to sell for £760,000 less than was previously agreed upon. All that is very honest, and looks promising. But I do not think we are at the end; and, besides, we must see what the retrenchments consist of, and whether they can be accepted or not.

The newspapers have actively discussed during the last week two very interesting questions. The first is: Can the Prime Minister keep for himself and for the Sovereign the secret of an international treaty without communicating it to his colleagues in the Ministry? And the second: Must not a treaty

of alliance, which eventually cannot but occasion much danger and expense to the country, be presented to Parliament, and discussed and approved by it? Is it lawful in a Parliamentary Government to contract secret treaties? You understand that all this discussion is directed against the Triple Alliance, the conditions of which all the political men wish to know, who hope that these conditions, once known, would lead to its rejection. And whatever one may think of this much-discussed alliance, it appears to me that from the constitutional point of view they are not quite wrong. BONGHI.

POOR FIDELE.

OUTSIDE the harbour, somewhere behind Battery Point, the sun was dropping out of a tranquil sky, pearl-grey for the most part, but flushed with rose-colour along the south-west horizon. A deep and soundless tide crept, rung by rung, up the ladders to the green quay-doors along the waterside; and a soft August wind breathing down the harbour, encountered the tide and touched its surface into small hollows and ridges. The effect of this was curiously beautiful: for the sea, which lay outside in broad streaks of yellow, pink, and lavender, was broken, near at hand, into splashes of stronger colour; and while the rest of sky and water had the look of a painting upon transparent china, these splashes or pools suggested translucent gems—ruby, amethyst, and emerald. Just within the harbour's mouth a trading brig lay at anchor, her royal-masts pencilled upon the sky and rocking gently.

Two women sat in a bow-window, a couple of furlongs off. One, who wore a bonnet and plaid merino turnover, was gazing calmly on the brig; the other had her back to it, and was making the most of the fading light. A cotton antimacassar lay on her lap, and she glanced at it, from moment to moment, while she worked her crochet-needle on another, which in time would be an exact facsimile. Three more antimacassars of the same pattern decorated the parlour, and there were others about the house: but it was a pattern that could stand a considerable amount of reproduction—the first Duke of Wellington (recognisable by his nose) riding his famous charger Copenhagen, and accompanied by a dog of pronounced but unknown breed, who economised room by running under the horse's belly. Just now the crochet-needle was running a race against twilight, and Miss Ball—an obese woman, aged about sixty, with small eyes and a thick complexion—could not spare time to look at her visitor.

Her visitor—Miss Trenance—seemed quite content, and stared out at the brig and the swelling tide without uttering a word. Her bonnet strings were untied and her lips parted at brief intervals, as if to taste the breeze as it floated in at the open window and stirred the muslin curtains. She let her hands lie listlessly on her lap: a certain pallor and air of fatigue blunted her features. It was a nervous and delicate face; but just now it revealed all the weariness of seven-and-fifty years.

Across the harbour came a sharp rattling sound from the revenue cutter that had just come in to her moorings and dropped anchor: silence followed for a few minutes: then the *woosh-woosh* of a small row-boat and the creaking of her thole-pins.

"I declare if it isn't the doctor crossin'," Miss Trenance observed, her face regaining its animation. "Who's ill, I wonder?"

"I can't hear what you say." Miss Ball was deaf.

"It's the doctor crossin'."

"Well, Robert Cornish is pullin' en across: so I reckon 'tis Robert Cornish's wife. She's been expectin', I know."

"Terrible old the doctor is, to be sure. I heard, the other day, he was goin' to retire."

"I wish you'd speak louder, Jane Trenance."

"I was sayin' I'd heard tell that th' doctor had a mind to retire."

"Time for en to. He've a-killed hunderds."

Amelia Ball, like many deaf people, vociferated her words; and the doctor was barely out of earshot.

Miss Trenance sat and watched the retreating boat with a wistful, almost hungry, look in her eyes.

"I wish," she began in a low tone, "I wish to God—"

Minutes passed and the sentence remained unfinished. Miss Ball, who probably had not heard the opening words, went on with her work while the bright splashes faded on the water and a misty, uniform grey descended upon sky and sea. At length the twilight conquered her sharp eyes. She laid down the work, looked up and smiled.

Her visitor was sound asleep.

One by one the vessels in the harbour were hanging out their lamps, and points of light began to twinkle from the windows on the opposite shore. Miss Ball closed her window softly, glided to a small chiffonier across the room, lit the lamp, took out a table-cloth, knives, forks, and glasses—all very gingerly—and began to lay the supper.

Still Jane Trenance did not wake up. Supper being ready—it was but bread and cheese and beer—her friend returned to her chair in the window and sat contemplating her. The sleeper's face wore a waxen pallor: her chin had dropped a little: her hands rested, palm outwards, in her lap.

For a couple of hours the one slept there, and the other watched, keeping still as a mouse. Then Miss Ball ejaculated, quite as if she had been shaping the sentence all that while—"Oh, it's old, old, when women sleep that have never been kissed to sleep."

The sleeper lifted her hands, replaced them sharply, palm downwards, on her knees, and sat bolt upright.

"Amelia Ball, I've been sleepin'."

"I've known 'ee some time, Jane: so don't let that small rudeness disturb you."

"To tell you truly, I've been on my legs since five this mornin'. Folks would never believe what a house mine is to keep clean; an' only four rooms too. Week in, week out, 'tis neck and neck with the dirt. Praise the Lord I never married, for how married women overtakes it is a mystery."

"My experience is, they don't."

"Why, 'tis full dark! What's the time?"

"Goin' on for eleven."

"Eleven!"—with a small scream—"an' you sat an' let me sleep these hours, an' now 'tis closin'-time for the publics an' no end of drunken sailors abroad! If I'd thought it of you, Amelia——" She began to tie her bonnet strings nervously.

"Stop a while: there's supper."

"Not me."

"The longer you stop, the more chance of the drunk men clearin' off to their ships."

But Miss Trenance had gained the door by this time. "'Night!" she snapped, without turning her head, and in three seconds was out in the street pattering homewards. A gas-lamp occurred here and there: but with intervals of frightful gloom. She knew the public-houses that she must pass—the "Lugger," the "London Inn," and the "King of Prussia"; and before she reached the first, eleven o'clock sounded out from the church tower. As yet there was nobody abroad: but she caught up her skirts very high in front and almost ran. Once or twice she halted, at false alarms: after each of these pauses she broke into a panic trot.

Thus she passed the "Lugger," and the "London Inn" in time, but with little to spare. She could hear the laughter and oaths behind her, as the men poured out into the street. Heart in mouth, she prepared to make a rush by the "King of Prussia." Her own door lay but twenty yards farther down the street.

The tap-room of the "King of Prussia" is

approached by a stiff flight of stone steps. Hardly was she abreast of these steps when the door at the top burst open, letting out a shaft of light and a volley of foul language.

The next moment a man came tumbling headlong down at Miss Trenance's feet. His head smote on the cobbles with a thud that turned her sick. She leant back against the shutters of a shop opposite while the man's comrades poured down in a crowd and gathered about him.

"By ——, he's killed!" shouted someone.

"Bring a candle!"

The landlord came down the steps holding a tallow dip that flickered in the light breeze. They brought it near the man's face. He was insensible. A jet of blood squirted from his right temple.

"Better take him to the orspital. Where is it?"

Then Miss Trenance stepped forward, white as a ghost, but with a set mouth.

"I know him," she said in a steady voice,—"that is, I used to. How did he come here?"

"Came wi' the rest of us from Plymouth to-day, to ship aboard the *Touch-me-Not*. Silas Hawker's his name."

"That's a lie: but he always was a liar. Here, one of you run to the doctor's—that house at the end o' the street, wi' the lamp in front—though it's not much good, for I reckon the doctor's out for the night. The rest lift the man up and come after me. You may tell the cap'n of the *Touch-me-Not* that one of his crew won't sail."

"Laws! Miss Trenance," broke in the landlord, who recognised her, "you ain't thinkin' to take in a common sailor wi' a broken head, are you?"

"Pretty eyes you must have," answered she, and marched off, the men following her with the limp body.

She let them in with her latch-key, and lighting a candle, led the way upstairs. They laid the dirty ruffian on the snow-white counterpane of her spare bed. "Does any one of you know him?" she asked, and getting no answer, added "So much the better, for you." Then she thanked and turned them out.

Half an hour after, the doctor turned up, and pronounced the man to be suffering from a pretty bad concussion of the brain. "It's uncommonly good of you to take him in, Miss Trenance, but—do you know?—it will probably be a tedious case."

"It's wonderful how them beards do hide men's features," Miss Trenance replied abruptly.

The old doctor gave a start and looked at his patient more narrowly.

A fortnight after, Miss Trenance called on her friend Miss Ball.

"I wonder if you'd mind," she said. "It's a great favour, Amelia, but he's comin' back to his mind agen day by day, an' I can't bear it. I could stand it all right when he rambled, an' his eyes looked like somebody else's; but at times he puts on the old look, and that breaks me down. I was wondering—there's next to nothin' to do now but feed en—if you'd mind changin' houses with me for a week. Doctor says he'll be right by then, and he need never know but 'twas Amelia Ball that took en in an' nursed en all the time."

Amelia refused indignantly at first, and then consented. Sure enough, at the end of the next week she dismissed the drunken rascal—cured.

"What did he say?" Jane Trenance asked nervously when Amelia arrived to announce the cure and resume possession of her own house.

"Well, he said a lot of things."

"What in partic'lar?"

"H'm! He seemed very grateful, an' asked me to marry en. He offered to kiss me while he was askin'."

"You didn't allow *that*?"

"Well, he did it afore I could stop en. An' then I refused en straight. It didn' seem to me that kissin' was what I've heard it cracked up to be: but 'twas an experience."

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE ART OF BIOGRAPHY.

SIR,—I cannot think, as the author of your "Causerie" last week appears to think, that it is any matter for regret that our eminent men are too busy now-a-days to keep diaries. I cannot imagine that anything could be more misleading, more calculated to give a wrong impression of a man, than his own diary; unless, indeed, the diary was limited to the barest record of facts, in which case it might be useful to a biographer, but would not be interesting to the general reader. If the diary has not been written with a view to publication, it will be found that the author has indulged, in the course of its pages, in all the little spites, jealousies, whims, vanities, which he represses elsewhere. They are brought into undue prominence; the reader forgets that they were more generally repressed. Unless such a diary falls into the hands of an exceptionally sympathetic and competent biographer, its writer is likely to have injustice done to him. Instances might easily be quoted of this in our own times. But, to take the case of Pepys, most men are liable to remember his vanities and to forget altogether his perseverance, his laboriousness, his wide information, and his business abilities. If, on the other hand, the diary has been written for publication, it will be still more misleading; a man and his own idea of himself are rarely very similar; and still more dissimilar, as a rule, are the man and the idea which he would like other people to have of him.

Nor do I think that the most truthful biography is likely to be written by a man who was a personal friend of its subject. It is as natural to say smooth things about a personal friend when he is dead as it is to say the reverse when he is living. The temptation comes in such subtle forms that a writer yields to it unconsciously, without seeing that there has been any temptation. He may not wilfully improve his picture, but he may slur over the unhappy fact which spoils it.

I can conceive of no more difficult task than biography. The path between historical dulness and arranged picturesqueness is very narrow; to walk along it requires the most perfect judgment, an honesty almost inhuman, and a suppression of the imagination which is far more difficult than its indulgence.—Yours, etc.,

E. M.

[Our correspondent's point regarding diaries is in strict agreement with the argument of last week's "Causeur." A man's diary is useful after his death as a chart for his biographer, and for nothing else. But "personal knowledge" of no use to the biographer! Does "E. M." think that this was so in the case of the three best biographers in English literature—to wit, Boswell, Lockhart, and Froude?—ED. SPEAKER.]

RECIPROCITY ALREADY.

SIR,—The writer of your article on the Canadian election last week says that a customs alliance between Canada and the United States "will prompt to a postal alliance, to a monetary alliance, and to an alliance in the great work of hunting down crime." The postal alliance has been for years an accomplished fact. The same postage carries a letter from Toronto to Montreal or to New York, and *vice versâ*. In postal matters Canada already discriminates against the Mother Country and even against her neighbouring colony, in favour of the United States. Why, it takes five cents to send a half-ounce letter from Prince Edward Island to England, or even to Newfoundland, and only three cents to send a one-ounce letter to the farthest point of California! As a Montreal paper remarked the other day, the establishment of reciprocity of postage was a longer step in the direction of annexation than reciprocity of customs would be.

IROQUOIS.

CYCLISTS AND ROAD-RACING.

SIR,—It was only recently that a writer in the Cyclists' Touring Club *Gazette* cited THE SPEAKER as an ideal journal. We fear, however, that after your article on "The Prospects of the Cycling Season," should he venture to express himself again, it would be to utter a very contrary opinion; for by merely tolerating, and not denouncing in the strongest terms, road-racing, which you acknowledge to be quite illegal, you have placed yourself in direct opposition to both of the recognised great cycling associations; and you have allied yourself with a few makers of cycles who use any means to advertise themselves, and with a mere handful of clubs whose principal object apparently is furious and illegal riding on the highway. Had you denounced instead of championing road-racing, you would have now the thanks of ninety-nine out of every hundred cyclists in England.

In the same article—though this is of very small importance to us—our arguments have been called "silly," and we are told that we are "absurdly unfair" to the racing amateur. The silliness, it seems to us, on the contrary, is in the amateur definition which is so "absurdly unfair" as to permit men who make their living out of cycling, as do some of those mentioned in your article, to race as amateurs.—We are, Sir, yours very truly,

London, March 9th, 1891. J. & E. R. PENNELL.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, March 13th, 1891.

"STANDING aloof in giant ignorance" from London and literary talk, I conceived that Sir Walter Scott's novels were rather popular for the hour. The publication of the author's Journals has brought him "into particular notice"—as the nurse said, when she meant *in articulo mortis*. Almost all that is really worth reading in the Journals was already in print; but the public could not be expected to know that. I verily believe that if a piece of Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides" were put forth as a fragment lately discovered in the Advocate's Library, the public would read it eagerly, and never dream it was an old friend—if a few reviewers combined to keep up the joke. At all events, the "Gurnal" brought Sir Walter forward again, and won him praise—even from Mr. Howells, I am delighted to say. Again, two of the largest theatres in London have brought out a play and an opera, founded on "Ivanhoe" and on "The Bride of Lammermoor," which does not look as if enterprising managers despaired of the Waverley Novels. Again, whenever one looks at advertisements in special serials, like the *Publishers' Circular*, one sees eternal new editions of the novels pouring from the press.

It is to be wished that the text of those editions were more carefully corrected. Scott's text was never correct; perhaps the Centenary edition is the best. If it is, publishers of new editions would do well to have their own collated with it. The "interviewers" of Free Librarians, again, assert that Scott is a great popular favourite. One still hears discussions, now and then, about men's favourites in these collections. Thus, as Scott sells like Mrs. Henry Wood, and is discussed, and supplies themes for plays, I had imagined that he was by no means out of repute and favour.

It seems that I was mistaken. The populace reads and even buys Scott, and we fogeys of an elder time still re-read him, and enjoy him. But the young men of letters are otherwise minded. Among the advantages of being a fogey (probably there is a new term for "fogey," which the reader will kindly insert) are those opportunities of revising our old opinions. Every new generation tells its predecessors that they are Children of the Night. Every old generation tells its successors that they are ignorant, tasteless boys, and that their admirations are *vana superstitio veterumque ignara deorum*.

Both sides are bigoted, and both, no doubt, are often partly in the right. About poetry there is less dispute at present. My generation were boys when Mr. Swinburne began singing, and I am not aware that any newer poet worth mentioning has been discovered by our juniors. Why don't they develop a new poet, as they are so awfully clever? That seems to be a palpable hit. As far as prose is concerned, however, "new gods are crowned in the city," and Sir Walter, I learn, is as rococo as old Saturn in Keats's "Hyperion." Sir Walter is exploded; he has no style, his plots are wretched, he cannot create characters; he has no "psychological insight;" he knows nothing of life; he is ignorant, slow, and antiquated. "His plots, his dialogues, his characters, his descriptions, his history, and his sentiment (to say nothing of his style) are all damnable in the eyes of those young gentlemen," says my brief. I do not, alas, know who those young gentlemen are; their criticisms I have not read—I cannot guess where they are to be studied, for Mr. Leslie Stephen's remarks on Scott are probably not referred to here. So one has to tilt in the dark, and a tournament in the dark is awkward work. But even the blind King of Bohemia is said to have struck a good blow for his cause.

To begin with Scott's style. I am not so bigoted as to applaud its "epigrammatic terseness," as Thackeray says. We must take writers as we find them. Scott was more or less an *improvisatore*. He was a natural story-teller—the greatest of them all, I think—and he told a plain tale, with a rapidity which was certainly heedless of condensation, terseness, and well-graced periods. The MSS. of the early Waverleys are written in an extremely close, small hand, on folio paper, and Sir Walter, like a greater than he, "never blotted a line." Like Ben Jonson, I could wish he had "blotted thousands." His sentences are often trailing: his grammar is often careless. Indeed, to persons who know Scott's earlier and later MSS., very curious questions suggest themselves, which I willingly leave to some Mr. Ignatius Donnelly of the future. Mr. Stevenson has said his say on the occasional inspiration, and frequent recklessness, of Scott's style, in his book called "Memories and Portraits." Sir Walter himself was his own best critic, and very well aware of his defects. In the introduction to "The Fortunes of Nigel," he tells us how he wrote, and why he wrote as he did. He found that he must give his muse her head, so to speak; he found that he lost his impetus, his invention, his *verve*, when he tried to dally, to polish, to refine, to bind himself down to a preconceived plot. He was obliged to make his choice, and he preferred his natural method, that of the improviser. As to knowledge, his studies were made before he took up the novelist's pen. To call him ignorant is absurd. He had neither the spirit nor the method of Stubbs or Maurer, but he had an enormous acquaintance with traditional, poetical, and historical literature. He did not "cram," nor need to cram: he wrote with startling rapidity, out of a full mind, in prose or in verse; he said:—

> "Wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
> Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my tale."

Thus he is often prolix and uninspired. But he rises to an occasion. Take the speech of the knight, Amy Robsart's father, in his deserted and shamed old age:—

> "This grief is to my bewildered mind what the Church of Lidcote is to our park: we may lose ourselves among the briars and thickets for a little space, but from the end of each avenue we see the old grey steeple and the graves of my forefathers. I would I were to travel that way to-morrow."

This appears to me, at least, a model of writing in its way, and for its purpose. Again, the story of Wandering Willie, in "Redgauntlet," is such a masterpiece of style that one may defy the "stylists" to add or take away a word without spoiling the passage.

Scott, I fear, wrote his best prose in Scotch. His Scotch dialogue is as good as the dialogue of Dumas. For example, at a venture, take the scenes where Andrew Fairservice and Bailie Nicol Jarvie have their parts.

For the rest, I do not abandon his style to the wolves. Only one historical novel is perfect in style: "Esmond"; and "Esmond" is a miraculous *tour de force*. That Scott could have rivalled it, is known but to the very few who have read the series of imaginary letters from the Court of James VI. which he began, and then relinquished in favour of "Nigel." Two of the epistles are printed by Lockhart. Opening Lockhart at random, some years ago, and having forgotten the circumstances, I was taken in, and believed them to be genuine extracts from Jacobean correspondence. I have since read all the fragment (only one copy exists), with the keenest regret that Scott never finished it. It is referred to, with a pathetic obliviousness of its incomplete condition, in the last letter to Lockhart in the recently published Journals. The truth, I think, is that we are now too much worried about "style." We hear far

more than we see of good style. The people who write most about it seem to me to know very little of its nature. Different kinds of matter demand different manners. In a novel, a man should not be always pausing, considering, altering; the results will be a tormented, affected manner. We shall see the author at work, to the detriment of his effects. We shall be teased by the multitude and research of adjectives. I would not willingly hit at other authors, in a defence of the greatest; but, as an example of what I mean, I may take a new and elaborately careful novel, "The Wages of Sin," by Mr. Lucas Mallet. In every sentence one sees the author straining after excellence, and producing innumerable adjectives, and, to me, unspeakable tedium. The thing is either stippled, cramped, "tight," or I am greatly deluded. All becomes unreal. Conviction is lost.

In brief, if I had to choose between Scott's style and that of a most ingenious, spirited, and original author, Mr. George Meredith, I would prefer the frequent prolixity, the "regardlessness" of Sir Walter, to the tormented and wilfully epigrammatic manner of the modern. Scott's manner is unconscious, as a story-teller's manner should be. A popular novelist, *et amicus meus* (to whom I only allude because there is no chance of his name being detected, and because, after all, this is mere matter of taste and opinion), once showed me the rough and the finished draft of some pages. To my mind, every change made for the purpose of elaboration and improvement was a change for the worse.

The story-teller told his tale best when he was thinking of nothing but his story. As soon as he reflected on his style, he spoiled it. Doubtless there are others who find the process salutary. But Scott had tried that; and he was convinced that he did his best, as it were, of free will and unconsciously. The vast majority of those who now fret about style torment themselves in vain. They decorate their structures, and decorate them ill. As exceptions, the names of Mr. Stevenson and of M. Guy de Maupassant occur to one. Mr. Stevenson's style is a separate pleasure, and only now and then interferes with our enjoyment by suggesting labour and afterthought. As for M. Guy de Maupassant, as far as a foreigner can judge, he got rid of the traces of labour in his novitiate, and now writes with wonderful clearness, brevity, and manliness of expression.

The style is the vulnerable part of Scott. As to his ignorance of history—he *made* history! His Louis XI., his James First and Sixth, are the James and the Louis whom men will know. His "Ivanhoe" will outlive erudition. In history he knew what was, in his time, to be known. If he was pre-scientific, before Niebuhr, Mommsen, Stubbs, it was not a novelist's business to invent scientific history. For his characters, if anyone is discontented with Friar Tuck and Locksley, with Meg Dods and Bailie Nicol Jarvie, with Meg Merrilies and Dugald Dalgetty, and Le Balafré, let him also say his say against Sir Toby, and Falstaff, and the melancholy Jaques. Let him hug the "Kreutzer Sonata" and "Le Disciple." I differ from him too much to argue with him. We have no common ground. As for Scott's women, Rose Bradwardine's letter to Waverley seems to myself worthy of him who drew Emmy Sedley, and I prefer those two half-denied caresses of Di Vernon's to all the kisses and raptures and embraces of all the young women who have ever romped through the glowing pages of modern maidenhood's novels. Scott's ladies are ladies. Catherine Seton, Di Vernon, Rebecca, Amy Robsart, with her fidelity, her tenderness, her high honour and leonine courage and the Ophelia of Lammermoor, can it be that these, and a score of others, need praise or defence? I have no time to dwell on the peasant characters of the "Antiquary" and "Old Mortality," on Jeanie Deans, or on Claverhouse, and Balfour of Burley, and Bothwell. A throng of old friends—soldiers, ministers, yeomen, knights, ladies—flock noiselessly in, queens like Mary, men of the sword like the immortal warrior of Gustavus; people real and dear, thank heaven, to several generations and races—to Goethe, to Dumas, to Hugo, to Thackeray—are here. "We ought to take off our hats at the mention of Sir Walter's name," Mr. Thackeray said; and perhaps he was right, on the whole, and perhaps the young men are wrong, in part at least.

A. L.

REVIEWS.

THE NEW ARISTOTLE.

ARISTOTLE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS. Printed by order of the Trustees of the British Museum. Edited by F. G. Kenyon, M.A. 1891.

THE great treasure of the British Museum, of which there were dim whispers six months ago, has at length been deciphered and published with explanatory notes. There was probably never a manuscript yet which had its claims so readily admitted on all hands—certainly never one of such capital importance. The question of forgery was in everyone's mind before the papyrus was published, but it bears its credentials on every page, and even the *Athenæum* has ceased to talk of imposture. Of course, in saying that the treatise on the Constitution of Athens is by "Aristotle" one does not mean quite so much as the unwary might imagine. Of the two and a half thick quartos of closely printed treatises on every subject under the sun, which the Prussian Academy has published as the works of Aristotle, it is morally improbable that even half can be the work of one man—the field of knowledge is too vast, the points of view in different works too various, the contradiction in facts too striking. The present work, for instance, directly contradicts Politics II. 12 in the account of Draco. The writer of that part of the Politics says Draco made no change in the constitution. This treatise gives a full account of his important constitutional reforms. On the general evidence, we should be inclined to say that Politics II. 12 was by an inferior disciple; this treatise by a very close disciple, or, perhaps, by Aristotle himself. It has at least all the spirit and style that are characteristic of Aristotle's best work.

Two-thirds of the book are occupied with history; the last third gives an account of the working laws of Athens at the time of the writer. A good deal of both parts is new, though, mostly, Aristotle covers the same ground as extant historians. And here a curious difficulty presents itself. Helmholtz is said to have had one watch which he believed to be infallible; if the town clock differed, the town clock was wrong. But at last some learned body gave him another watch by the same maker, constructed on the same principle, and equally incapable of error. The two watches differed, and Helmholtz's peace of mind was gone. Greek historians are prepared to despise any writer except two—Thucydides and Aristotle; they alone make no mistakes. But now, Aristotle contradicts Thucydides on points of detail in two very important historical events. One is the assassination of Hipparchus by Harmodius and Aristogeiton. Thucydides especially remarks that the ordinary account of this event at Athens was seriously inaccurate: he had access to private records and perhaps had a family connection with Hipparchus. He makes a long digression in his history to give the true facts of the great act of tyrannicide. And now Aristotle, with equal confidence and wealth of detail, gives a different account. We must all wait for Mr. Macan of Oxford to tell us which to believe.

The other contradiction is about the constitutional changes in Athens at the time of the Thirty tyrants.

Thucydides was alive at the time, though not resident in Athens. Aristotle wrote nearly a century later: yet he had read Thucydides, and definitely believed him to be wrong. It is only fair to add that in most respects Thucydides's great reputation for accuracy is even raised by the new discovery. For instance, in the account of the fall of the Areopagus, Thucydides in his brief sketch says "Ephialtes and Pericles curtailed its power." Thucydides says "Ephialtes and Pericles"; but Ephialtes was comparatively little known, and Pericles was about the most celebrated of all Athenian statesmen. Consequently, later writers, and even Grote among them, reverse the order of names and say "Pericles and Ephialtes," making Pericles the chief mover. We see, from the "Constitution of Athens" that Thucydides did not write without thought. Ephialtes was the chief of the popular party; Pericles was only a promising and energetic youth who followed his leader. As a matter of fact, most advanced historians had already corrected Grote conjecturally on this point.

So much reconstruction of Greek history on conjectural lines has taken place of late years, especially in the German universities, that one is anxious to see how far the conjectures are established or overthrown by the new evidence. Muller-Strübing, and Gilbert and Macan must have lain awake with beating hearts on the night after they read the official announcement in the *Times*. Many critics have said already that the new criticism is overthrown by Aristotle. But this seems to the present writer an entire mistake. If the new papyrus had been Cleon's diary or Pericles' letters to Aspasia—ah, would that it might have been!—then Muller-Strübing would have been really touched. As it is, most of the *à priori* arguments against Thucydides and Plutarch hold equally against Aristotle. The extant Greek historians all write with an aristocratic bias. The democratic party did not devote itself to literature. Thucydides had in his later life some special leaning towards anti-Athenian sources; and he thinks the vicissitudes of party politics, the private life of individual statesmen, and the social condition of the oppressed classes, are subjects beneath the dignity, or, at least, foreign to the scope of a history of the great war. All these considerations except the last apply with equal or greater force to Aristotle: he wrote at the court of Alexander, not in a democracy; he was treated with encouragement and given special facilities for research which he must have known would have been quite impossible in a republican state; he judged of the Athenian democracy immediately after its final failure and ruin, when all its faults were thrown into violent relief; and, considering that Athens had been the chief enemy of Alexander and his father, Aristotle must have judged Athens partly at least with the eyes of her most determined enemy. Besides this, Aristotle represents the aristocratic tradition of Nicias, of Thucydides son of Olorus, of Plato, who liked to believe that the old moderate democracy of Solon, of Cimon, of Thucydides son of Melesias, was the ideal constitution, before the reckless demagogues from Pericles to Cleophon had ruined Athenian freedom These considerations prevent us from taking Aristotle's word as final on any question where his bias can possibly come in; and they should make Mr. Kenyon reflect seriously before repeating in a second edition his somewhat trite moralising about the dangers of unchecked democracy.

When the discovery of this papyrus was first made known, every one expressed a certain envy of Mr. Kenyon's great good fortune in having to edit the most important classical book of the century before he was twenty-eight. Now people are generally saying that it was very hard on a young man to make him suddenly and without previous experience issue an *editio princeps* under the eyes of all Europe. Both sayings are true. Mr. Kenyon's name is made by this book: had he been a scholar like Scaliger or Lachmann he could have shown his greatness in the most striking and abiding way; had he been a careless or ignorant man he would have been a laughing stock. Quite distinctly he has shown himself neither; he is a good average Oxford double first, fully worthy of a Fellowship at a good college. His notes are intelligent, accurate, and helpful; his editing shows modesty, caution, and good taste. His corrections of the text are often convincing, sometimes clumsy. Many corrections, which are obvious when pointed out, have not been noticed by him. Most scholars in reading the book through will make a few emendations: the present writer has made some three or four; we believe Mr. Bywater has made many that appear quite certain. But it is absurd to do as Mr. Wise, writing in the *Athenæum*, has done, to make twenty-nine emendations, some of them good, and then abuse Mr. Kenyon for not having made the same. If Mr. Wise will reflect that in about the seventieth edition of Æschylus Prof. Margoliouth made a few quite certain corrections, which had escaped the notice of about seventy editors and quite seventy thousand careful readers before, he will see that his intemperate criticism implies that he lacks experience as well as generosity. And we cannot think that the attitude of the *Athenæum*, in attacking the papyrus before it was published, in publishing a false report that the edition had to be withdrawn because of its inaccuracy, and in virulently assailing the young editor in every issue since, is at all creditable to the chief journal on scholarly subjects in England. It is no real crime to publish an announcement about a papyrus in the *Times* rather than in the *Athenæum*.

It is true, Mr. Wise has detected one really terrible mistake—διδώς as present participle of δίδωμι. The present writer, when he saw the monstrous form, took it to be a printer's error, and still hopes that he was right. Mistakes in accents are universal in first editions, whoever the editor may be.

NEWMAN'S EARLY LIFE.

LETTERS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN HENRY NEWMAN DURING HIS LIFE IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH, WITH A BRIEF AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Edited, at Cardinal Newman's request, by Anne Mozley. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

THESE are two most interesting volumes, excellently printed, excellently edited, with the signs of loving insight, tender care, and solicitous sympathy in every line. The reverence of the editing makes the reader reverent, and we feel as if we watched this tragedy of a human soul under the eyes of an interpreter whose very look silenced criticism. The book is full of interest, yet it adds little to our knowledge of Newman and his circle. While it enables us to feel surer on many points and incidents, it contains nothing that will effect any radical change, or even important modification, in our critical judgment of the man and his history. It is a wonderful tribute to the genius with which in the "Apologia" he read the meaning of his life; he seems to have missed nothing, to have held nothing back, to have interpreted himself with marvellous fidelity and truth, even to the extent of securing a real perspective and proportion, with every delicacy of light and shade, in his picture. In one sense we may say Newman's great contribution to the age is—the interpretation of Newman. He is the greatest subjective writer of our age; his power over it is but the fascination exercised by his revelation of himself. In his more scholastic treatises, in his dogmatic works, in his attempts at historical writing, his strained subtleties, his violent prejudices, his wilfulness, and his often startling pettiness, make him one of the authors a dispassionate student finds it hardest to read. But the moment his own experience is distilled into a sermon, or tract, or book, his peculiar and often almost irresistible fascination appears. His "Present Position of Catholics in England" is a sort of earlier "Apologia";

in it speaks the proud consciousness of a man who knew the English feeling to Catholics, and met it and rebuked it with lofty scorn. His "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk" may be described as a later "Apologia," written by a man who could not but stay in a system he must believe infallible; yet was able so to conceive it that he could, when convenient, qualify its infallibility out of existence, or at least prevent it becoming too intrusive and troublesome. In his "Idea of a University," ideals and experiences which he owed to his loved, lost Oxford are embalmed. In his "Grammar of Assent," in a greater degree than in the "Apologia," or even in these letters, his own mental history is analysed and described. The hymn which for the multitude most preserves his name, owes its exquisite beauty and charm to its being so perfect an expression of a mood that was the man. But it is the "Apologia" that conquered for Newman the reverence of the younger men, and left them no choice but to believe in his sincerity and honour his motives. It is doubtful if there is anything in literature to compare with it. Here is a man who has practically determined the judgment of an age concerning himself, who has so interpreted himself as he was to himself as to compel his own day and his own people to accept the interpretation. Yet the man was a poet, and the poet's autobiography can never have *Wahrheit* without *Dichtung*, were it only because what has passed through the imagination is transfigured in the passage. The unconscious or the undesigned is ever the truest autobiography, and even more than in these letters the true Newman may be discovered in the books that come, as it were, living out of his spirit, and seem still to throb as if they had within them the very breath of life.

In these volumes we still see the solicitude as to all that concerns the correct appreciation of his history, of the man who had so well divined his meaning for his age. He has bestowed on these letters the most jealous care; has so annotated and elucidated them that no point need be lost or misunderstood, and has proved himself as wise in selecting an editor as in preparing and supplying the materials for her use. The fragment of autobiography is mainly interesting for the indirect light it throws upon its author. It is singularly restrained and objective. It is throughout written in the third person, as if to indicate that to himself the subject had become an object, a person of whom he could write with a sort of detached interest. There is often a quite curious and unusual quaintness, a sort of eighteenth-century ceremonious dignity in his description of this young man and his world. We found ourselves somehow more than once irresistibly reminded of a certain Harry Esmond, and his remarkable history. Yet it forms a fine supplement and setting to the mental pictures of the "Apologia." We see the shy, reserved, proud, sensitive youth, and the world in which he moved. One or two persons stand out most distinctly, as they affected and are affected by Newman. Whately appears as the man who taught him to think, yet for this very reason, as the man from whom he differs most profoundly. Nothing could have been more opposite than the intellectual tendencies and attitudes of the two men. Whately thought no man educated till he had achieved mental independence, but Newman, penetrated by his hatred of liberalism and his fear of reason, was restless till he rested in an authority that could not be questioned. Whately loved to seek the causes and occasions of things in natural sources, but Newman was spiritualistic through and through; the things he hated were of the devil, the things he loved were of God. The worst that could be said of Whately "was really a very fine compliment; he was a bright June sun tempered by a March north-easter." Another man we catch under fresh lights is Pusey. Newman, indeed, at first exhibits towards him the true ultra-Evangelical temper, is doubtful about his conversion, the quality of his piety, the tendency of his reading and thinking. It is only when deeper knowledge shows an even more devoted spirit than his own that his doubts are overcome. It is curious to find Pusey sadly misunderstood, "from the independence of his radicalism," and described as "like some definitely marked curve, meandering through all sorts and collections of opinions boldly, yet, as it seems, irregularly." This relates, of course, to the time when Pusey was, by the help of Tholuck, trying to do justice to what was then termed German neology. By-the-way, the editor, or annotator, seems puzzled by a reference in a letter of Pusey's (i., p. 99) to one Less, and suggests Lessing. The suggestion is quite unnecessary. Gottfried Less was a Göttingen professor, who died 1797, and also an apologist and theologian of some note in his day. The reference is evidently to his discussion on miracles in his "Beweis der Wahrheit der Christlichen Religion."

One of the most graphic descriptions in the autobiography is of Dr. Lloyd, Regius Professor of Divinity, who died a little later as Bishop of Oxford. Here is the picture of him as a lecturer:—

> "He was free and easy in his ways and a bluff talker, with a rough, lively, good-natured manner, and a pretended pomposity, relieving itself by sudden bursts of laughter, and an indulgence of what is now called *chaffing* at the expense of his auditors; and, as he moved up and down his room, large in person beyond his years, asking them questions, gathering their answers, and taking snuff as he went along, he would sometimes stop before Mr. Newman, on his speaking in his turn, fix his eyes on him as if to look him through, with a satirical expression of countenance, and then make a feint to box his ears or kick his shins before he went on with his march to and fro." (i., pp. 111, 112.)

Lloyd has this interest for the student; he was the man from whom Newman received what may be termed systematic instruction in theology. But the book impresses one exceedingly with the deficiency of Newman's intellectual outfit. The progress of his knowledge can here be, on the whole, pretty accurately measured; and it is evident that whatever he was, he was no theologian. What he did, he did by virtue of his genius, not of his knowledge. He was a careful, conscientious scholar, as Oxford then understood scholarship, but he came to his problem in a strangely unfurnished condition. It would be rash to say that if he had understood theology as its great masters had made it, he would never have attempted to do what he did, especially with the weapons at his disposal. This seems to us to proceed from a total misapprehension of Newman. If he had known more he would have been another man than he was. Knowledge as such had little attraction for him; he had not the thinker's devotion to truth as truth, the philosopher's love of the abstract, the investigator's passion for discovery and research. Religion did not find him through the reason, but through the imagination; it did not appeal to his intellect as truth, but to his conscience as law. And so two things followed: it was the concrete elements in religion that were to him the most real, the institutional, the fixed in formula, or by positive legislation, and authority was its ultimate characteristic, conscience in natural religion, Bible, Bishop, or Pope in revealed. And so he never applied in his own case, or allowed it to be legitimate in any case to apply, the unqualified processes or categories of the reason to religious truth, but was ever seeking so to condition and qualify the action of the reason as to neutralise it or even lift religion out of its province. He was a poet of intensest subjectivity, with so natural a disinclination to the methods of the scientific theologian that he never could have pursued them with patience, or so as to attain any sure result. Indeed, it is no paradox to say that Newman, though a great religious personality, was no theologian, and nothing that he has done in theology, properly so-called, is of any permanent worth. It is necessary to say this bluntly, because of the extravagant way in which his work has been described. His work, so far as it reflects his personality, is as great in religious force as it is fine in literary quality; but, so far as it is concerned with the

scientific treatment of religion, whether as history or as doctrine, it is work that ranks far below that of the great theological scholars and thinkers of our century.

These volumes are full of materials that bear out this view of Newman. It is a pity we cannot detach a man's personality from his history, and study the most conspicuous religious figure of our day simply as a person, and not as if he were a whole movement. He, indeed, could never forget that he was a representative person, and to touch him was to touch his Church and the process that landed him in it. But that is the weakest side of Newman. His religious significance being due to his remarkable personality, is his own and England's; the infirmity of his theological temper, and the inadequacy of his equipment, determined both the goal he reached and the peculiar course he took to reach it. One of the most interesting things is an early letter to his mother, which shows the drift and attitude of his mind. He is disturbed by Catholic emancipation and the rising liberalism, and writes thus:—

"We live in a novel era—one in which there is an advance towards universal education. Men have hitherto depended on others, and especially on the clergy, for religious truth; now each man attempts to judge for himself. Now, without meaning, of course, that Christianity is in itself opposed to free inquiry, still I think it *in fact* at the present time opposed to the particular form which that liberty of thought has now assumed. Christianity is of faith, modesty, lowliness, subordination; but the spirit at work against it is one of latitudinarianism, indifferentism, and schism, a spirit which tends to overthrow doctrine, as if the fruit of bigotry and discipline—as if the instrument of priestcraft. All parties seem to acknowledge that the stream of opinion is setting against the Church. I do believe it will ultimately be separated from the State, and at this prospect I look with apprehension—(1) because all revolutions are awful things, and the effect of this revolution is unknown; (2) because the upper classes will be left almost religionless; (3) because there will not be that security for sound doctrine without change which is given by Act of Parliament; (4) because the clergy will be thrown on their congregations for voluntary contributions." (i., p. 204.)

Now this defines his early intellectual attitude, shows what he conceived the drift of thought to be, and in what direction he looked for safety. Very curious are his second and third reasons for deprecating the separation of Church and State, the latter especially being significant of his conception of the functions of positive law in the region of belief. Still more curious is the concluding paragraph of the letter—which is too long to be extracted—anticipating, as it does, his later theory as to the need of a special and authorised organ for the transmission of "the miraculous revelations" which God has given. It shows how early his mind had been occupied with mechanical contrivances as the only sure way for the preservation of truth in the world. But in showing this it shows more: that religion was to Newman something institutional, a creation of positive law, a thing of dogma or formulated belief rather than of truth and spirit. In this paragraph his whole after-development was contained; the man who started as he did could hardly do other than end where he ended.

In conclusion, though we have been concerned only with one side of this book, yet we may say as to the other that it sheds as much light on the Anglican movement as on its great author. But he is it; and whatever helps to explain him will make it more intelligible. We most gratefully accept this happy help to a correct estimate of the man who made the movement and the movement that will immortalise the man.

STATISTICS POPULARISED.

Studies in Statistics: Social, Political, and Medical. By George Blundell Longstaff, M.A., M.B., F.R.C.P., etc. With Maps and Diagrams. London: Edward Stanford. 1891.

This handsome volume is throughout of considerable value and interest, even to the general reader. The earlier chapters are designedly very elementary; some of the others are reprints of papers read before the Statistical and Epidemiological Societies; one, delivered in connection with the International Health Exhibition, is almost a popular lecture, and another could only be dealt with by a professional actuary. Nine are wholly or chiefly medical, and the rest deal with such topics as migration and emigration, the growth of new nations, and food supply.

Statistical averages are in fact the most important part of the particulars on which the generalisations of social science are based—its "collective instances," as Bacon would have said; and yet how many of the people who talk about social questions have the most rudimentary notions as to the nature of the death rate or the variations of the marriage rate? It is much if they have heard that the latter fluctuates with the price of corn—which, as Dr. Longstaff remarks, has ceased to be the case for the last eighteen years. Many people believe that you can prove anything by statistics; and worthy Fair Traders (these, presumably, are the errant F.S.S.'s hinted at in the introduction) love to bring forward surprising collections of figures which prove nothing at all. With reference to such people Dr. Longstaff remarks (p. 2):—

"Paradoxical though it may appear, arithmetic has but a minor part to play. The primary requisite is a logical mind and a sound logical training; the second (and no less important) is a good general knowledge of the subject to which the figures under consideration relate. . . . The statistician must be now a banker, now a farmer, now a merchant, now a doctor, according as he is manipulating figures relating to currency, crops, tariffs, or causes of death."

The limits of our space preclude more than a bare mention of one or two of Dr. Longstaff's results, and the abundant statistical evidence on which most of them are based cannot even be indicated here. There is an interesting analysis of the causes of the decline of the death rate. Cancer is increasing, and the increase is not wholly apparent and due to better diagnosis; kidney disease is also increasing (partly owing to increased habits of drinking among women); and the decline of the rate generally is mainly due to decrease in the mortality assigned to fever and phthisis, and, in a somewhat less degree, to scarlet fever, diarrhœa, smallpox, diphtheria, and measles. In another paper it is maintained that bronchitis and pneumonia are to some extent epidemic, and are then really complications of influenza. Diphtheria—which seems from its geographical distribution to originate in the country rather than in the town—may, it is suggested, originate in some trifling ailment of domestic animals, communicated to those who attend them, and under suitable conditions exaggerated in their systems so as to produce a special virus, afterwards transmitted in water and milk and in other ways. There is a reassuring paper on the growth of hydrophobia, and two or three other articles of more distinctly medical interest. There is a good popular sketch of the Malthusian problem—the relative growth of population and food supply—in which the end of the twentieth century is given as the time when population generally will really begin to press on the means of subsistence. But the chapters which probably possess most popular interest are those on migration from the country to London—which gives little support to the theory of the "depopulation of the rural districts"—on the growth of London—which may be thought over-apprehensive,—and two on the growth of new nations. These latter, of course, are mainly occupied with the United States; and here we cannot help thinking the author's conclusions occasionally rather doubtful. First he takes the figures showing the distribution of the foreign population in the States. Then he takes the statistics of marriage, and finds that the various foreign elements in the population do not intermarry to any great extent. But his figures are taken from the census of 1880, and since that date there has been an immense deal of opening up. After all, the "Pennsylvania Dutch" are, we believe, vanishing, and the New York and New Jersey Dutch have practically been absorbed long ago—though a new supply seems to have come to the

latter State; the immigration of great masses of Scandinavians, Bohemians, and Italians, is a new thing, and the Germans rarely display any distinct sectional tendencies; and we cannot but think that except in the "black belt," where the negro will reign, sectional nationalism in the United States is extremely improbable; and, in saying so, we do not forget the Germans in Wisconsin, or the Swedes in Dakota, or the Italians in Louisiana. And, after all, negro blood has combined with white in South America, and (in the fifteenth century) in some districts in Portugal. Perhaps the Continental migration to the United States may yet bring about miscegenation. By the way, surely the practices Dr. Longstaff ascribes to the negroes of Liberia—Voodoo, cannibalism, and so on—are only known with certainty to exist in Hayti?

On Argentina, and perhaps on South Africa, the book seems hardly up to date. And no wonder; for how can one deal with a population increasing (roughly) by 14 per cent. annually, the last general census of which was taken in 1869? And the emigration to Argentina seems rather under-estimated by the author—especially, perhaps, the emigration from Spain. But, of course, when the conditions are changing rapidly, estimate must differ.

Dr. Longstaff is a Jingo and (we gather) a Conservative, but his *obiter dicta* on extraneous matters do no harm to his statistics. He is a partisan of the "graphic method," and his book is full of admirable diagrams and no less admirable statistical maps. Despite its formidable tables of figures, it is extremely interesting reading; and, from the mass of evidence adduced to support his conclusions, they are presumably most of them true.

BETTERTON.

Thomas Betterton. By Robert W. Lowe. ("Eminent Actors" Series.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co..

If the succeeding volumes of the "Eminent Actors" Series maintain the level of the two first—Mr. William Archer's "Macready," and Mr. R. W. Lowe's "Betterton"—theatrical biography will for the first time have taken its proper place as a department of historical literature. All previous treatment of the subject has been beneath the contempt of any serious student. Rubbishy anecdotage, unverified dates, unauthenticated facts, fulsome panegyric, downright evil-speaking, lying, and slandering; all these things, and worse, have been the "common form," the *clichés* of the theatrical biographers. Gifford's statement about the farce-mongers of his own day: "All the fools in the kingdom seem to have risen up and exclaimed with one voice, '*Let us write for the theatres*,'" might fairly be applied (with the amendment "fools and liars") to the old compilers of theatrical biography. The "Eminent Actors" Series, it would seem, is going to constitute a new departure. It aims at presenting our great histrions in turn, not as isolated, unrelated phenomena, but as successive links in a chain of causation. It marks the first appearance of the scientific method in application to stage-history.

No chapter of that history stood in so dire need of rewriting as that which relates to the Restoration drama. Indeed, rewriting is hardly the word here, for, before the publication of Mr. Lowe's book, no continuous account of the Restoration drama had been written. The authorities were few and far between. There was Pepys's Diary for the opening of the period, there was Colley Cibber's Apology for its close, there was the "Roscius Anglicanus" of John Downes, there was Wright's "Historia Histrionica," and there was, of course, the laborious but uncritical and not always accurate compilation of Genest. But Mr. Lowe has not been content with these; he has ransacked the State Papers of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, rummaged among contemporary pamphlets, lampoons, broadsides, and has even waded through all the tragedies, all the prologues and epilogues, of Dryden. To have done this and survived would, with most men, have been enough for honour. But it has not been enough for Mr. Lowe; he has not been satisfied, like Sieyès, with boasting "*J'ai vécu*"; he has lived through it all, and he has produced an invaluable book into the bargain.

One of the most interesting, and the most neglected, points in stage-history is the tracing of the way in which the artistic form of the drama has been conditioned by its material environment. Alter the size and shape of your theatres and the position of your stage, and you alter the nature of your plays and the methods of your players. To those who care to study this aspect of what, at the risk of seeming pedantic, we will call the morphology of the drama, Mr. Lowe's sketch of the Restoration playhouse will be of great assistance. The Restoration stage was not, like ours, the foreground of a picture, but a veritable stage or platform, jutting out a good ten feet into the pit, and so surrounded by the audience on three sides. Under such circumstances, it is clear there can have been little illusion. In fact, the Restoration drama must have been less an imitative than a rhetorical art. Acting must have been largely what we should now call mere recitation. The presence of spectators on the stage must have been another bar to anything like illusion, as we understand it. From the fact that Pepys makes no allusion to company on the stage, Mr. Lowe concludes that the practice of beaux exhibiting themselves to the audience during the play was not revived after the Restoration. But negative evidence of this kind is hardly convincing. So late as 1740, Garrick, in his farce of *Lethe*, brings in a fop saying: "I stand upon the stage, talk loud, and stare about, which confounds the actors and disturbs them and the audience." And we know (from Barbier's Journal) that spectators were not banished from the French stage—which has not been in the habit of lagging a century behind our own—till 1759. Further proof that the Restoration playwright cared little for illusion is found in the curious fact that the characters sometimes remained on the stage while the scene was changing, calmly continuing the dialogue in the new situation, as though nothing had happened. Mr. Lowe establishes this by an ingenious analysis of the scene-plot of Dryden and Lee's *Duke of Guise*. Ingenious, too, from its very simplicity, is his exposure of the play-bill of *The Humorous Lieutenant* for "Thursday, April 8, 1663," hitherto believed to be the earliest specimen of an English play-bill still in existence, as a forgery. The date in question, it appears, was not a Thursday, but a Wednesday. The honour of being the first genuine play-bill extant must now be transferred to the bill for *The Mourning Bride*, headed "W. R." and dated "Tuesday, 27th of February," which recently came to light in the famous Mansfield-Mackenzie sale. Here, once more, Mr. Lowe makes an adroit use of the almanac. The date of this bill must have been 1700, "the only year of William's reign in which February 27th fell on a Tuesday."

The main facts of Betterton's long (1635 to 1710) and, on the whole, happy life—happy in the sense of having no history—were already sufficiently well known, and about the man Betterton Mr. Lowe has been able to add little to our knowledge. He was generous, high-minded, the faithful, home-loving husband of an actress against whom, in a scandalous age, no scandal-monger ever ventured to breathe a slanderous word. That so good a man should have been the foremost figure of a stage so dissolute is the best refutation of that belated fanaticism which is still occasionally heard denying the compatibility of virtue with the actor's calling. Mr. Lowe does not give us a general survey (as, *e.g.*, Mr. Archer did in his "Macready") of Betterton's histrionic talent, but leaves us to piece the details together for ourselves, picking them up as they occur in the course of the narrative. One gathers, by this process, that

(adopting the classification suggested by Diderot's paradox) Betterton was a "head" rather than a "heart" actor. His method was intellectual, classic, all for tradition and instruction, rather than emotional, romantic, impulsive: the art rather of a Talma than of a Kean. Hence he was always equal to himself. He played Hamlet perfectly (as a famous *Tatler* paper of Steele's records) at seventy-five. But even in Betterton's day the fallacy of "natural acting" was already propounded by bad critics. One of these, Anthony Aston, comparing Betterton with Verbruggen, wrote: "Then you might behold the grand contest, vizt., whether Nature or Art excell'd —Verbruggen wild and untaught, or Betterton in the trammels of instruction." The sources of Betterton's "instruction" were scarcely to be despised. Ben Jonson gave him hints for Falstaff. His manager, Sir William Davenant, was able to transmit to him the very best tradition of all. "The part of the King (Henry VIII.) was rightly and justly done by Mr. Betterton, he being Instructed in it by Sir William, who had it from Old Mr. Lowen, that had his instruction from Mr. Shakespeare himself." It was Davenant, too, who taught him how Taylor of the Blackfriars played Hamlet, and Taylor had been taught by Shakespeare. Fortunate Shakespearean actor, to have such a manager! Indeed, if one had to link Betterton's name, on the Homeric principle, with a single characteristic epithet, "fortunate" is the word we should choose. He was not only fortunate in his instructors. He was fortunate in his wife. He was fortunate in the mere chapter of accidents. The theatrical Renascence dawned for him at the right moment, when he was barely five-and-twenty. When the players were dealt out between the rival managers, Davenant and Killigrew, he had the luck to be alloted to the better one of the two. Davenant was the kindest of managers: Killigrew was at perpetual loggerheads with his players. On Davenant's death, he had the good fortune to lay his hand on a dramatist ready and able to fit him with a whole series of great parts, Thomas Otway. When the two companies were united in 1682, death or retirement removed his three chief rivals, Hart, Mohun, and Harris, from his path in the very nick of time. The stars in their courses fought for him. When he headed a desperate "strike" against the patentees in 1695, and embarked on the perilous adventure of building a new theatre, he had the luck to open it with Congreve's *Love for Love*, one of the most brilliant of English comedies. He was fortunate in his critics—Pepys, Cibber, and Steele. Lastly, he is fortunate in having so conscientious, erudite, and in every way competent a biographer as Mr. Lowe.

FICTION IN THREE SIZES.

1. A Draught of Lethe: the Romance of an Artist. By Roy Tellet. Three vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1891.
2. A Marriage at Sea. By W. Clark Russell. Two vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.
3. The Begum's Daughter. By Edwin Lassetter Bynner. One vol. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1890.

"A Draught of Lethe" must be considered a powerful and impressive story. In the opening scenes there is much that is weird and thrilling. The very first sentence in the book is spoken by a sexton, and is an invitation to the hero to enter a dead-house. He finds there a beautiful, apparently inanimate girl; his suspicions are aroused, and he succeeds in saving her from being buried alive. Although she recovers her bodily health, the trance has left behind it the loss of memory to which the title of the book refers. In these scenes, and in the descriptions of murders—attempted and actually committed—that follow in the latter part of the book, one nevertheless feels the author's touch; one sees that this is no mechanical manufacture of the merely shocking. The good judgment and restraint which are shown in the first volume are admirable and effective. The book has the charm of variety; it is not simply a monotonous compound of conventional horrors; the author has a fine appreciation of the value of contrast. We do not intend to sketch the story any further—to describe what the mystery was which surrounded the heroine, or to give its solution. It is in the second volume that we come to the lighter scenes. We meet a detective who is so unlike the detective of average fiction that he must have been copied from real life; his stupidity is intensely natural and very amusing. The sketch of the interviewer, half ludicrous and half pathetic, in the same volume, is admirable; and we were delighted with the talk of a humorously cynical artist. The first two volumes are very much the best. In the third we were rather disappointed. We are quite tired of the use of Scotch marriages in fiction; the climax is rather artificial and booklike; and the story is prolonged too far after the climax is reached. It is only the conventional author who pleases the public by providing all his characters with suitable marriages, sweeping everything up, as it were, and making it quite tidy and unnatural. But yet, as a whole, this book deserves high praise. The characters in it are drawn by one who has observed human nature closely. Many of the scenes in it are striking and forcible. Much of it is brilliant, and very little of it is dull. And the style is pleasant and graceful. "A Draught of Lethe" should add to its author's reputation.

When Mr. Clark Russell wrote "A Marriage at Sea" he was in doubt whether such marriages, solemnised by the captain, are legal. We gather from a postcript to the book that he is no longer tormented by doubt. He has found consolation "in a useful little work on the British and foreign laws of marriage" and in a letter addressed to him by its author. The problem is possibly interesting. Mr. Clark Russell's two volumes are not particularly interesting. They illustrate the author's special knowledge, they give some scope for his power of description; but, on the whole, they are a little dull. The story commences with an elopement. The heroine was under the guardianship of her aunt, Lady Amelia Roscoe. Lady Amelia seems to have been somewhat cruel. She sent her niece to a school at Boulogne, where every effort was made to induce her to change her faith. Separation from the hero, and these assaults upon her religious convictions, so distressed the heroine, that one night she got out of window, and allowed herself to be taken by the hero on board his yacht. This was done in order to force Lady Amelia to consent to the marriage. The usual incidents of the nautical novel follow; Mr. Clark Russell does them very well, but he cannot entirely prevent them from being usual. There is hardly a character in the book which strikes us as an original or lifelike conception; and the whole story seems to be utterly wanting in brightness and vigour. We do not think that we have read anything by Mr. Clark Russell which we have liked much less.

Mr. Bynner in his preface to "The Begum's Daughter" acknowledges his indebtedness to various people, from Mrs. Martha J. Lamb downwards, or upwards to the Pundita Ramabai. Research is a dangerous as well as a valuable assistant to the novelist. It is very well to be conscientious, but the artist should make a great secret of it. Nothing is more depressing than obvious painstaking. We like, however, "The Begum's Daughter" much better than anything else by this author that we have yet seen. Catalina herself is a most graceful and attractive figure. At the end of the first chapter she professes undying enmity towards the hero; it is not altogether difficult to conjecture from this what she will profess at the end of the last chapter. The interest of the story lies almost more in the study of character than in the stirring scenes which it records. Especial praise must be given to the sketch of Leisler, which is remarkably lifelike and impressive.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

At the booksellers' banquet the other night, the chairman, Mr. John Murray, slily suggested that contemporary authors, in the pecuniary interests of their calling, should go on strike. If they took the hint—to suppose for a moment what is incredible—many readers of this generation might be expected to peruse, with all the charm of novelty, books which have undeservedly been pushed aside in the keen competition of the age. Choice reprints like Landor's "Citation of Shakspeare" might then be prized even by that wide race of readers which has arisen since the school-board became one of the institutions of the land. Only the writer of the "Imaginary Conversations" could have given us that marvellous description of the examination of William Shakspeare before "the worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight," on a charge of deer-stealing. Justice Shallow's descendants found reason to plume themselves on the worthy knight's performance on that September day, in 1582, when he "did frown with great dignity" on the "simple" but saucy stripling who pleaded for clemency. "It was an ancestor of my husband who *brought out* the famous Shakspeare," was the artless boast of a lady of that ilk, and, in a sense, the words were true, for, as we are here reminded, the frolic at Charlecote sent the young genius afoot, and his association with stage players in London was the cause of his writing plays for the stage. There was nothing in sleepy Stratford to call forth Shakspeare's powers, and there is truth in the assertion that he "wrote from the same motive as he acted—to earn his daily bread." This little book, in its charming half-Roxburgh binding of green and scarlet, merits popular acceptance for its intrinsic worth, and for the humour and imagination which are blended with consummate literary art.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, the publisher, whoever he may be, who first brought out a "series" of cheap "monthly volumes" ought to be abundantly gratified. Professor Henry Morley and Messrs. Routledge are between them responsible for the latest venture of this kind—the "Companion Poets," a group of books "shaped for easiest familiarity of use," to quote the words of the editor. The length and breadth of these "Companion Poets" are, perhaps, best indicated in prosaic inches—6 by 3¾. The text of the pretty oblong volume before us—Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers"—is printed within red lines on what is known in the trade as Bible paper, and even a connoisseur of books will be hard indeed to please if he quarrels with the appearance of the youngest member of the "series" tribe. Poor Aytoun's "Lays" are sure to find a welcome in this dainty guise; they long ago won their way to all romantic hearts, and in scarcely more than forty years have passed, we believe, through at least thirty editions. Professor Morley contributes a brief sketch of the author to the volume; it is readable, but not in any sense remarkable. As for the series, we wish it success, and think it will secure it.

To the series known as the "Canterbury Poets" a pocket edition of "English Love Lyrics" has been added. The little volume covers more or less adequately a period of three centuries, and, like the courtly gallant that he was, Sir Thomas Wyatt leads the way. Amongst the greater names which follow are those of Christopher Marlowe and Ben Jonson, George Wither and Robert Herrick, Abraham Cowley and Richard Lovelace, Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Lord Byron. As for Shakspeare and Burns, they are not too well represented, but, as if by way of *amende*, some exquisite snatches of song from half-forgotten poets are included in the anthology. On the whole, so far as the choice of the lyrics themselves is concerned, Mr. Hulburd deserves a measure of praise; unfortunately, however, he has burdened the book with an "Introduction" which is in the worst possible taste. It is obscure, pedantic, and silly, and its presence seriously detracts from the charm of the volume.

Mrs. Power O'Donoghue is an authority on equestrian subjects, and as she writes as gracefully as she rides, we are not surprised to find that "Ladies on Horseback" has gone at a canter into a fifth edition. The book is intended to teach the fair sex how to manage a horse on the road, in the park, and in the hunting field, and as it abounds in practical hints about whip, spur, and reins, costume, saddle, and stirrup, it deserves, in this revised form, to be still more widely read. Mrs. O'Donoghue declares that no one who is cowardly will ever manage a horse; the animal's "keen instinct tells him at once whether his master or his servant is on his back." No girl ought to be taught to ride who has not a decided taste for the accomplishment, and the best age at which to begin is not six but sixteen. Scattered through these pleasant pages are many amusing anecdotes concerning the horse and his rider, and the book altogether is one which will tempt nobody to yawn.

Two extremely attractive school prize-books have reached us from Messrs. Nelson & Sons. These companion volumes are entitled "The Royal Portrait Gallery" and "Pictures and Stories from English History." The first contains portraits of the Kings and Queens of England from Alfred to Victoria, and an attempt is made—not always very successfully—to gather up the salient characteristics of each reign. There are many other illustrations in the book, and some of them are of considerable merit. "Pictures and Stories from English History" is, of course, a title which explains itself. This book also is lavishly illustrated, and, in the main, with good taste. Many of the most picturesque incidents in the annals of England are recorded, and one good feature of both books is that, wherever that is possible, the aid of the poets has been enlisted for the elucidation of the theme.

* Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare before the Worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, touching Deer-Stealing. By Walter Savage Landor. London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 12mo. (2s. 6d.)

Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and other Poems. By William Edmondstoune Aytoun. With an Introduction by Henry Morley, LL.D. ("Companion Poets.") London: George Routledge & Sons. 18mo. (1s.)

English Love Lyrics. Selected, with an Introduction, by Percy Hulburd. 1500—1800. (The "Canterbury Poets.") London and New York: Walter Scott. 18mo. (1s.)

Ladies on Horseback: Learning, Park-Riding, Horses and Hunting. By Mrs. Power O'Donoghue. New and Revised Edition. London and Calcutta: W. H. Allen & Co. Crown 8vo.

Royal Portrait Gallery. (The Royal Prize Books.) Illustrated. London, Edinburgh, and New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. Small 4to.

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